

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
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IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Chapter Five Two picnics in one week

AFTER Nettie Yelverton's party it seemed an impossible task for Lil to have to go downstairs early in the morning and pack and label vegetables for market; she had rather have eaten breakfast in bed in Cousin Adelaide's pale blue wrapper. Lil's lip quivered as she helped Rose put the heavy baskets into the wagon for Nan to drive to the grocer who bought most of their produce.

But Nan was full of glee over her adventures when she came back with the empty wagon. "Fielding says he'll send you over a check at the end of the week—or will you take some of it in groceries?" she remarked cheerfully. "I met Dick and his cousin, Johnston Earlwood, and they drove into town with me. They sat on the baskets and didn't mind a bit."

"O Nan, and you in your awful hat! Johnston Earlwood must have been mortified to death when he saw what we did for our living!" Lil exclaimed and then despised herself the instant she had spoken the words.

"Not a bit. He's much too nice. He—"

But Cousin Adelaide interrupted her. "O Lil, dear," she pleaded, "do remember it doesn't matter a bit what you do; it's what you are!"

"Why, cousin," Lil protested, "if we stole!"

"I wasn't speaking of doing wrong. I don't mind telling you I didn't like the idea of you children selling vegetables when I first came, but I see now that I had a false ideal. You're gentlefolk; you can do as you like, and, naturally, Johnston Earlwood would understand that as well as I do. His father and mother are charming people."

Mrs. Addington, glad that Cousin Adelaide had spoken out to Lil, nodded and turned at the sound of Rose's voice from the kitchen. "Nan, see what Rose wants, will you?" she said gently.

Nan came back, frowning. "Rose says—" she began and then interrupted herself. "Oh, the Yelvertons want to know if we can let them have some lettuce, and I sent Wood over with it."



An elderly gentleman and a lady exquisitely dressed . . . were getting out of a dilapidated old boat

THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS By Helen Milecete Duffus

Mrs. Addington never allowed either Nan or Lil to go with baskets to people's back doors. "Rose asks what we are going to do about keeping her. The Railway Hotel has sent word to know whether she'll go there."

"Oh!" Nan's mother flushed with distress. "I don't know, Nan. I really think we can't afford to keep Rose."

"O mother!" Nan pleaded. "We need her. Couldn't we manage somehow to keep her?"

"I don't see how, and I wouldn't like her to lose a good place. Tell her I'll let her know presently." Mrs. Addington turned bravely to Cousin Adelaide. "You see, Rose is rather in demand."

But Cousin Adelaide had folded her embroidery and slipped away. Rose was not astonished to see her come into the kitchen. The two were great friends; Cousin Adelaide thought and had said that Rose was the best cook she had ever known, and Rose had found the guest full of new receipts and hints. "What's this, Rose, about the Railway Hotel's wanting you?" Cousin Adelaide inquired, sitting down.

"Well, they've been sending over every day, and I felt as if I'd have to give 'em some kind of an answer. But I'd not leave Mrs. Addington for any money if she'd keep me. Only

she thinks she can't afford to, and I can't do without wages. Oh, I won't be going till you go," she added reassuringly. "I wouldn't be real mean to Mrs. Addington while she had company; your being here, you know, was the only reason I came."

"But how will they manage all winter without you?"

"Dunno," Rose replied thoughtfully. "Of course they've had to do without me before this. But with the girls at school most all day it comes hard on Mrs. Addington, and I dunno if you've noticed she ain't looking real well. I'd give a deal to stay, but there—it's just that Mrs. Addington hasn't the money."

"That needn't stop you." Cousin Adelaide was quite pale. "I won't deceive you, Rose; I came out to see whether you could arrange to stay here for the winter. I would be responsible for your wages."

Emotion and Rose were strangers, but for once her voice was husky: "That's real good of you. And I won't forget it. But," she added and waved her hand toward the living room, "you'll have to tell her!"

"I'll tell her. And, Rose," Cousin Adelaide lowered her voice, "I have noticed something too, and I want you to let me know if Mrs. Addington doesn't look better after I leave."



"Sure," said Rose, "though I ain't much at writing. If you don't hear from me you'll know things are progressing suitably for her. Billy, it's near dinner time," she said as a curly head came round the kitchen door. "You be a good boy and get cleaned up. And you and me'll have a fine time this afternoon while the others are at the picnic."

"I think they might have asked a little boy," Cousin Adelaide remarked incautiously, mindful of lamentation that morning.

Billy nodded. "I howled," he admitted. "But mummy minded me about the palace of the king, and I was sorry I made a fuss."

"What palace?"

"It's in his storybook," Rose explained. "Just a story!"

"It's not," Billy contradicted her hotly. "It's true—only I forgot about it."

"Well, if he isn't a funny child," Rose said as Billy went out to be washed. "When he talks so good I feel as if he's going to die young, only I get relieved right away when he eats up all the cake I'm saving for Sunday. I'll make him a gingerbread soon as you all get off."

Cousin Adelaide thought that Billy was probably superintending the making of it as she followed Mrs. Addington and the girls to the shore. Certainly, once he had kissed his mother good-by, there was no sign of him about the house. The girls never thought of him in the excitement of having a motor launch take them across the bay with the rest of the Yelvertons' guests and in the way the Yelvertons evidently had translated the plain word picnic. The servants had arrived before them and had done everything from building the fire to laying the table. Nan was deciding that she much preferred the outings of the Allen boys with their hard work to this elegantly dull entertainment, when Nettie Yelverton took her arm. "Come down to the shore with me, Nan," she demanded. "Mother wants me to see if there's anybody else coming. Wasn't it perfectly horrid? We never knew till this morning that Johnston Earlwood was Perry Earlwood's son—the steel magnate, you know, and not just those Allen boys' cousin! His father

and mother are staying at Bear Bay on their way to Newport, so of course as soon as mother found that out she telephoned for them to come today. But so far they haven't arrived. Why on earth didn't Lil tell us last night about Johnston?"

"I don't believe she knew then," Nan replied. "But I don't see what difference it can make. Johnston's nice!"

"You mean he admires Lil?" Nettie snapped. "I don't think she's so frightfully pretty, and neither does Tony. He says you could be far better looking if you liked—just fascinating!"

"I'd rather go to college than be pretty," Nan replied and laughed.

"Why, Nan Addington, what an idea!" Nettie stood still in amazement. "Being pretty's everything; you can nearly always get married the first year you come out. And going to college is so stuffy. Besides, you'd be miserable at any college unless somebody gave you a huge allowance; the girls are so snifty if you don't have clothes!"

"I want to go all the same," said Nan.

But Nettie was not listening. "My heavens!" she shrieked. "It's them! It's the Perry Earwoods. Mamma thought they must have missed the launch, and here they are now in a dirty old boat with an awful little boy rowing them. Mamma'll be wild!"

Nan stood as if paralyzed. Sure enough, an elderly gentleman and a lady exquisitely dressed in the same kind of white stuff that Aunt Adelaide was wearing were getting out of a dilapidated old boat within five yards of her, and a grubby little urchin had just shipped his oars.

Nettie Yelverton was showering protestations on them at the top of her voice. Her mother would be simply mortified that they had missed the launch and had had to come like this.

"Not at all, not at all," Mr. Perry Earwood replied cheerfully. "We've had lots of fun."

"In that dirty old boat that smells of fish!" gasped Nettie.

"It is quite clean, my dear, and the little boy rowed beautifully; he said he had been rowing most of his life."

But as the Perry Earwoods disappeared toward Mrs. Yelverton with the profusely apologetic Nettie, Nan never stirred. The little boy in the boat had turned and winked at her; he was Billy—Billy at his dirtiest and in his worst clothes, masquerading as a ferry boy in Wood's old boat and taking money from strangers! Nettie had not recognized him; she cared little for small boys. But what would his mother say?

"Go home, Billy, at once," Nan commanded in a fierce undertone.

"Yas'm," said Billy in the voice of Rose and chuckled. "I've got a lottermoney, Nan. I've got forty cents!"

"That won't do any good if Cousin Adelaide sees you. Fly."

His sister chuckled as she looked after him and saw him toiling valiantly back to his dogs and to Rose. Poor Billy and his "lottermoney"; poor wee man. Nan might laugh, but her eyes were misty as she went back to the picnic and to the ice cream that Billy might just as well have had, too.

What the picnic amounted to the Addington family were languidly considering on the morning after it. Mrs. Addington was tired and for once sat still and did nothing. Cousin Adelaide maintained an air of aloofness that signified disapproval of the Yelverton family and of all their works. Lil had found the evening too wonderful and beautiful to say much about it. So only Nan announced frankly that she had enjoyed herself.

"It was perfectly heavenly, once you realized you wouldn't have to wash a dish," she announced, glancing round the veranda. "Why, Billy boy, what have you got there?"

Billy, barelegged and water-splashed, toiled up the path to the veranda; such slight disadvantages as bare legs and water never prevented him from joining his family. "Fish,"

he replied and held up three diminutive morsels. "They're for Cousin Adelaide."

"O Billy, and you caught them? How splendid of you. We'll take them in to Rose to be cooked for my dinner. But aren't you back rather early? It's only half past ten, and you don't usually arrive till the stroke of dinner!"

"I know," Billy assented gloomily. "Where's Tommy Yelverton?" Nan inquired.

"Gone home." The family's disinclination for conversation seemed to have spread to Billy.

Lil waved her fan languidly. Nan was wondering for the fiftieth time whether her mother would let her help in Nettie Yelverton's theatricals and when she had better ask her. Billy cast himself suddenly on his mother's lap. "He can swim!" he exclaimed. "Who can?" Mrs. Addington inquired.

"Mr. Yelverton."

"He means Tony," said Nan scornfully. "He isn't Mr. Yelverton, Billy!"

"I don't," Billy replied stolidly. "I mean the father Yelverton. The great big fat mountain, Mr. Yelverton. You never saw anything so queer as he was, all doubled up in the water till he looked like a rolled-up crab. But he swam very, very well."

"How did he get into the water?" Nan demanded, staring.

"He fell in out of a boat."

"But how?" Nan asked impatiently.

"He got hooked on the line of a fishing rod," Billy replied with sudden loquacity. "He got caught, and he sort of dodged. I was fishing on the landing, and he came along in the dinghy and drifted past—and I don't think I hit him with my pole when he dodged round my hook, but out he went with such a plop—smash, smack into the water. I didn't truly see because just about that time I thought I'd better be coming home with cousin's fish, and I did."

"Why, Billy boy!" gasped his mother.

"Wasn't he very angry?"

"His words sounded dreadful loud, and he swallowed a awful lot of salt water and looked very funny," Billy faltered gloomily. "It didn't seem to be any kind of a time for saying I didn't mean to!"

"O dear, shall I have to go and apologize?" Mrs. Addington had no desire to leave her chair.

"I'm going myself," Billy announced. "I s'pose he can only talk loud at me."

"Good, brave boy," Cousin Adelaide observed proudly as he departed. "Really, Mary, it must have been dreadfully funny. I should have enjoyed seeing it—oh, yes, I should. You are doing quite the right thing in going at once, Billy."

Billy paused with one foot on the path. "Well, you see I have to, Cousin Adelaide," he rejoined with engaging candor. "You see, I left my hook stuck in him, and I'm afraid he may be so angry he'll break my rod."

Even Cousin Adelaide gave way to laughter as he disappeared.

"You sound very cheerful," said Dick Allen, suddenly appearing round the house with Johnston Earlwood. "May we come and call?"

Mrs. Addington laughed and assured them that they were welcome to Idletown.

"What's your greatest ambition, Dick?" Nan asked idly as he sat down by her.

"To be a big mining engineer," Dick replied calmly. "When I've made lots of money, Nan, I'll come back, and we'll have a fine time. I'll get a new yacht, and we'll go to Europe."

"What kind of mining will you do, gold mines?"

"Gold, coal, all kinds," Dick replied with reckless grandeur. "I've got to do a lot of hard work first, though. I'm going away next week, Nan; but I hope I'll be back for Thanksgiving. What are you going to do all winter?"

"Learn dressmaking," Nan replied with a glance at Cousin Adelaide. In spite of Lil's request to Cousin Adelaide dressmaking was the last thing Nan wanted. There was no sense in it, she had said to herself hotly; she never went anywhere to wear fine clothes. And to sit in a hot room over patterns when her cousin might so easily have made her a



"What's this, Rose, about the Railway Hotel's wanting you?"

present of books or even a nest egg for the longed-for course at college. Nan bit her lip and looked up quickly. "Cousin thinks I ought to learn to cut out!"

"Oh, don't," Dick implored, laughing. "You can cut out all the girls already. Hello, here's Billy! I thought you'd have got eaten, Billy, by that big fish you caught!"

Billy shook his head. "I did it, though," he declared. "I said, 'Mother says I am dreadful sorry, Mr. Yelverton,' and he said, 'G-r-r-r!' He didn't seem to have liked the water much, though I told him he swam beautifully. He called me 'you dreadful little boy!'"

Billy smiled affably as Dick shook with laughter. Then he sat down unnoticed at Johnston Earlwood's feet with a large bowl of water in which floated Cousin Adelaide's latest present, two boats and a covey of ducks. But the magnet with which Billy usually drew them round the basin at top speed was absent; he gazed suddenly at Johnston Earlwood. "You're not a magnet," Billy reproached him with shrill disappointment. "They said you were—but my ducks aren't even moving!"

"Not a what?" inquired the astonished Johnston.

"A magnet! Tommy Yelverton told me you were a steel magnet, and I've brought down all the things in my bowl, and you don't draw them a bit. I thought such a big magnet as you would drag them right out of the water!"

As the others laughed he clutched his mother, and Mrs. Addington kissed him. "O Billy boy, Johnston isn't a magnet," she said softly. "Tommy said a magnetate, and he meant Johnston's father. It's just a word for a very powerful man. Why don't you go and find the dogs? I haven't seen Hidigeigei this morning."

"His name isn't Hidigeigei any more," Billy replied wrathfully. "He won't answer to it. When I was finished fishing this morning I called him to come home quick, and he went and stayed to watch Mr. Yelverton land. He's going to be Boarder again."

"Never you mind, Billy; he's a real crack-jack of a dog anyhow," said Dick consolingly. "Now, ladies, vacation's going to end next week; so Johnston's come to ask you to a good-by party!"

"All of us?" Lil replied rapturously.

"Mrs. Addington's the first and the most important guest," Johnston affirmed, smiling.

"Would Tuesday suit you, Mrs. Addington?"

"O Johnston, I'm afraid—I've too much to do," Mrs. Addington hesitated.

"Then there won't be any party, and we'll all be disappointed," replied the wily Johnston.

Mrs. Addington laughed and yielded, and Johnston told the details of the party. It was to be at Bear Bay, where there were sands and surf bathing, and two automobiles would take them there—

"Mummy, can I go?" Billy interrupted.

"You certainly can, Billy," Johnston replied and nodded. "I thought we'd start at

eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning if you approved, Mrs. Addington. The day can be altered, but the party can't be. Never! There'll be ten of us—you and Mrs. Sinclair, Lil and Nan, Dick, Frank and myself, and I'll ask Nettie and Tony Yelverton. Billy, of course, and we can tuck that Tommy Yelverton in somewhere!"

Billy rushed toward him. "Haven't you a shorter name than Johnston?" he asked.

"Johnston's so long to take to a picnic!"

"I'm called Jack at home," replied the host.

Billy shook his head. "I think," he said solemnly, "I'll call you Magnet!"

"Billy," his mother reproved him, "he may not like it!"

Johnston Earlwood laughed. "I'm deeply complimented, Mrs. Addington; I only wish it were true."

Mrs. Addington rather thought that it was true. She herself was going to a picnic for the second time in a week; and even Cousin Adelaide was coolly excited.

During the next few days the girls lived in a frenzy of packing vegetables and dispatching them, pressing dresses and making jam, so as to have a free day on Tuesday. Even Nan retrenched her big straw hat, and Rose kept her mouth closed on the gloomy prophecy that Tuesday was sure to be foggy.

Tuesday was brilliant. Johnston Earlwood appeared at the door with an enormous borrowed touring car that held everybody; it was more sociable than two cars, he said. Mrs. Addington paused nervously as she was getting into it. Billy, Doll and the sedulously washed Boarder occupied the best seats in the tonneau.

"O Billy, the dogs can't go," his mother gasped. "They would be a trouble."

Billy all but burst into tears. "They must go; I promised them," he lamented. "I told them they were going."

"They were specially invited, if you and Mrs. Sinclair don't mind," Johnston Earlwood whispered. "All right, Billy. Dog family can take their seats."

Nettie Yelverton could have lived without them, for they had a loud yapping match all through the village and hung precariously over the side of the car from Billy's clutch on their tails while they roared defiance at every dog on the road. In the country they scrambled frantically from one side of the car to the other and over everyone's lap. Cousin Adelaide and Nan good-naturedly allowed themselves to be trampled on, and Nettie Yelverton's complaints were unheard.

Nettie had on her very best clothes and her most elegant manner. After one attempt to talk in whispers to Johnston Earlwood and to ignore the rest of the party, she had subsided into a silent stare; his attention was bestowed on Billy's naughty dogs and on Mrs. Addington's comfort. To the girl Mrs. Addington had always seemed just old and shabbily dressed, but somehow it now dawned on Nettie slowly that she was all wrong. Mrs. Addington was almost pretty, and she was talking about people and things as Nettie herself could never have done. But all the same—

"I should think you and all Mrs. Addington's relatives would hate her selling vegetables for a living," she informed Cousin Adelaide smartly.

Cousin Adelaide's eyes flashed. She did not answer, a circumstance that she trusted would be accounted to her for virtue; but Nettie had seen the flash and remembered that her mother wanted the Hon. Mrs. Sinclair to come to their dinners in the winter. So she wisely subsided once more.

Tony Yelverton too found things not quite to his liking. No one paid any attention to him where he was crowded in between Dick and Frank Allen, or listened when he observed that Bear Bay was not much of a place.

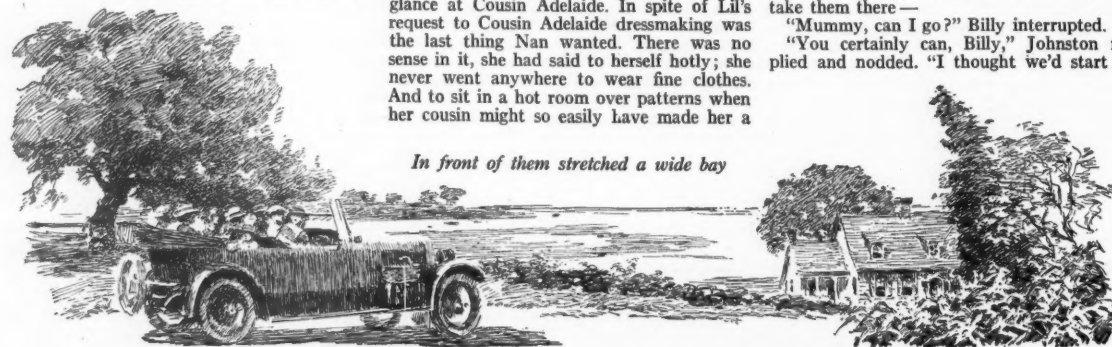
"I think it's lovely," Nan replied as they plowed through a sandy road out upon hard sands. "Oh, look at the sea!"

In front of them stretched a wide bay directly open to the broad Atlantic, and great green rollers were booming in over the hard yellow sands. At sight of them even Tony Yelverton forgot the languid airs he thought a college man should assume, and Nettie pinned up her expensively unsuitable muslin dress without even saying that it didn't matter whether she spoiled it, since she had plenty more at home.

Billy, Nan and everyone raced down after the big wash of the undertow and then back again with wild shrieks as the incoming roller gained on them.

"Isn't it erlirious?" Billy screamed.

Cousin Adelaide privately thought that luncheon was delirious too, Johnston Earlwood had brought so much more than they could possibly eat. But Nan beamed on him



In front of them stretched a wide bay

as she stoked the fire and made the coffee, proudly and expertly. Only on Billy was luncheon lost; he could hardly eat from excitement and galloped off with the ecstatic Doll and Boarder, even before he had tasted the ice cream; all three shrieked themselves hoarse as they tore madly up and down the beach after the unimpressed sandpipers.

Only Mrs. Addington and Cousin Adelaide were content to rest. The others, headed by Tony and the Magnet, whom no one would ever have believed was twenty-three years

old, followed Billy's tracks to the sea. Billy fell down and was soaked of course, but greatly to his astonishment his mother produced a whole dry outfit into which he was promptly hustled. But, alas! just before tea he slipped on a slimy stone; fortunately, he was grabbed out of the undertow by his ever-watchful host. Even the cheerful Billy was depressed till his mother took off his outer garments and dressed him in her own long coat, in which he promenaded with the greatest glee. But, going home, he succumbed

and slept placidly in a roll of rugs, and the exhausted dog retinue slumbered beside him.

Tony Yelverton sat next to Lil on the way home. Johnston Earlwood's admiration for her had not been lost on Tony, and he was not going to be "cut out" by him. He congratulated himself on his success as he talked to Lil in whispers during the twilight drive; his voice was drowned in the songs that all the others were singing. "You have had a good time, haven't you, Lil?" he asked as the motor stopped at the Addingtons' door.

"Not so nice as at your party, Tony," Lil replied sweetly. "You see, I had a heavenly escape there from those five dances you never came for! Good night."

Tony was speechless.

Nan's voice rose above her mother's as she thanked Johnston Earlwood: "It was the best party I ever went to—perfectly great!"

But Lil's head was in a whirl as she went indoors. She had snubbed Tony Yelverton as hard as she could, and to her wild astonishment she was glad of it!

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TITAN TURNED TRICKY By Ramsey Benson

BIFF SKELTON loved horses and by that token hated automobiles with a hatred that went beyond words. Not many weeks before the livery stable where he worked had been full of horses; now not a horse was left except Tom and Jerry, buckskin bronchos. Up and down the length of the big barn, save for the cramped corner where the two were quartered, the stalls had been torn out to make place for the automobiles. The other horses all had been sold, and Tom and Jerry would have been sold also except that they were too light to be in demand.

"If they were bigger'n rats," Jeffers, who owned the stable, grumbled to Biff one day, "I might get my money out of them, but bronchos—" He spat in disgust, and Biff flushed, but he was prudent enough to hold his peace.

At last there came a time when Jeffers did not want any horses, and Tom and Jerry fell to the level of common drudges. They fetched and carried, and in the eyes of Jeffers no service was too ignominious for them. The unkindest cut of all, though, was when he told Biff to take the team and go out and plow gardens. The work was too heavy for the bronchos, and the spirit in them that scorned such menial toil made it heavier; they fretted and chafed and wore themselves down. More than once in the dusk of their corner Biff wept bitter tears over their galled shoulders, and out of his own scanty wages he bought medicine for them. Jeffers pocketed what money the team earned plowing gardens and declared that it was not enough to pay their keep; he wouldn't spend a penny of it for medicine.

Biff knew what it was not to be wanted, and the knowledge gave him a fellow feeling with the team. He was an orphan, and hard knocks had formed whatever character he had. He had tried hard to live cleanly and honestly,—and the struggle had not been easy,—yet more than one thoughtless person had said that the boy was "too simple to be bad." That was as much credit as Biff had ever got. He had grown up somehow between pillar and post and had accounted it the day of his deliverance when he was big enough to hire out to Jeffers. The liveryman had kept nothing but horses then, and the work had been play for Biff; he had lodged luxuriously in the haymow; he had had as much as he could eat of the leftovers at the hotel, and—well, he didn't see how a fellow could ask for more.

As for the automobiles, it is a long lane that has no turning. Winter had come—such a winter as the oldest inhabitant could not match with another in his memory. In January they took ice three feet thick out of the mill pond, but that was the least of the tale. Thick ice does not signify so much as snow. No one had ever seen so much snow, and it had drifted appallingly. Ten, fifteen, twenty—you would hear men soberly assert that the snow was twenty feet deep in places. There was no bucking through such drifts with an automobile, and that is where the lane took its sharpest turn.

It was a great day for Biff—or more properly a great night, since it was past nine o'clock—when Jeffers called him into the hot little room that served as an office. "Biff," said the boss gruffly, "hitch Tom and Jerry to the Portland and drive down to Corvuso and get Dr. Carvil. He's stalled with his car, and there's more than forty people sick with the flu—some of 'em right bad."

Biff's heart leaped; a fierce joy filled him. Automobiles stalled or cooped up helpless in their garages! Here was his chance to show the world that horses were something better than the back numbers that the world was pleased to fancy them! Jeffers came out of the office and swung his lantern up to the weatherglass by the door. "Whe-ew! Twenty-five below!" he said and whistled.

But Biff was not in the least dismayed. Fifty degrees below would not have scared him that night. He had the bronchos hitched in a jiffy and then drew up at the office.



DRAWINGS BY WILL CRAWFORD

Jeffers brought robes and his own dogskin coat with long hair and the big dogskin mittens that went with it. "Take the river, Biff," he directed. "The roads are drifted full, but the ice'll most likely be swept clear, the way the wind's blown all day."

There was no wind at the moment; the smoke from a freshly replenished fire across the way went straight up till it was lost in the purple night. The stars snapped like sparks, and every now and then the ground cracked and boomed.

Jeffers looked at the glass again as he was going back. "Twenty-seven—she's cut loose for forty by morning," he muttered.

The village schoolmaster, having been asked once upon a time why, no matter how cold the weather was, the river never froze over at Bellamy Bridge, gave an answer that was not only scientific but poetic and amusing. "The river in winter," he had replied, "is a Titan asleep under a coverlet of ice. But even a Titan has to breathe—and Bellamy Bridge is where he pokes his nose out!"

The answer was sound so far as it went. If the river never really did freeze over at Bellamy Bridge, the schoolmaster's reply with its mixture of science, poetry and humor would perhaps be a sufficient explanation; but the river had frozen over at the bridge—more than once. Not many persons knew that it had, because not for many years had conditions been just right. Nevertheless, that night when the mercury left twenty-five degrees on its way down the Titan, for reasons never yet disclosed, pulled the covers up over his nose at the bridge and kicked them off at Timm's Rapids four miles farther down. Cold or no cold, he still had to breathe of course, and it was not long after the pool at the bridge had frozen over that the ice had opened at the rapids.

Biff had no premonition. Science was far from his world, and though he could laugh over a good amusing story, poetry was still farther off than science. He had never heard of a Titan; the habits of the species were a sealed book to him. So he drove out on the river that night, unaware alike of the pool frozen over at the bridge and of the widening stretch of open water at the rapids.

Buried in robes and with the big collar of the dogskin coat up round his head, Biff

never thought of the night as being very cold. It was cold, though! The bronchos had not gone far before the frost of their own breath had turned their buckskin coats milk white. The harness was hung with bells that made sweet music in Biff's ears, and the harsh squeak of the runners was a kind of accompaniment. Biff sang aloud and also in his soul.

The night was quiet as only such a night can be. The jingle of the bells and the mellow tones of the boy's voice carried far; and Biff could hear dogs barking in answer from farmhouses across the fields. Once he heard a mournful howl tremble across the snow. "Wow, a wolf!" he said and chuckled.

Tom and Jerry struck a brisk trot and kept it up steadily. As Jeffers had surmised, the wind had swept the ice clear most of the way, and if here and there a shallow drift lifted its crest, the bronchos plunged through it without slackening. They had spirit. There was no danger, thought Biff proudly, of their faltering. Leave that part to the boasted cars!

Pretty soon he heard other bells than his own, and then a big sled loomed up ahead. It was piled high with boxes and bales, and Biff knew it as a mariner knows the ship that passes in the home port. It was Dan Hook's sled freighted goods for the village merchants. Dan himself was nowhere in sight, but Biff understood why; the teamster was walking behind the load to keep warm while his faithful horses, without need of rein to guide them, plodded homeward.

It was for Biff, since he was driving the lighter rig, to yield the road. He pulled to one side. Dan's heavy runners were squeaking loudly; he had no idea that anybody was about till the bronchos were abreast of him. "Cold enough for you?" Biff sang out from the depths of his furs.

"Plenty cold enough; I'll say so!" Dan's answer left no doubt. "Where you bound for?" he shouted, thrashing his arms.

"Corvuso—to fetch Dr. Carvil!" Biff shouted back. "More'n forty people down with the flu—some bad. Cars all stuck or froze up—had to come back to horse power!" He twisted in his seat to fling the vaunt over his shoulder.

Dan's four horses weighed more than three tons, and the load that they were hauling weighed almost as much. Ice that had borne

six tons ought to be safe for a light Portland sleigh and a span of bronchos. Biff did not think much about the risks, but there were risks. Call it a Titan or what not, the swift current had an ugly fashion of cutting away the ice from underneath. Swift and shifting, it cut no man knew where or when; ice thick enough to bear a horse one day might be worn as thin as window glass by the next. That was what made the river risky for sleds.

A mile farther down and half a mile up from Timm's Rapids a fresh track branched off from the beaten way. In the drifted snow there were deep cuts that a loaded sled had made and the confused hoof marks of several horses that had wallowed heavily. They were Dan Hook's tracks and showed where he had come down off the bank. He had started with his load by land, but the road was so badly blocked that he had been forced to take to the ice. Remember, that was half a mile up from the rapids. Dan's six tons of burden were no test of the ice below because he had not passed that way.

Biff did not see the track that branched off. The collar of the dogskin coat came up over his head; a terrapin in his shell might look out as easily. As a matter of fact, Biff had no reason to look out; the bronchos knew how to keep the road. Automobiles had to be steered every inch of the way, but he could trust Tom and Jerry!

By daylight open water is black in comparison with snow; then no man or beast, however heedless, will mistake it for snow. But contrasts are not so sharp at night. And on a purple night with no moon shining there are no contrasts at all; everything looks black. Even horses, though they are protected by an instinct that seldom goes astray, may be fooled by the illusions of a purple night. Tom and Jerry kept up their brisk pace till the last and slipped into the water almost without a splash.

Biff never has been able to explain just what happened. The sleigh pitched down with a jolt, and the jolt may have been enough to throw him out backward. But anyway, whatever had happened, the next he knew he was lying on the ice with the robes still wrapped snugly round him. Though he could not see the bronchos, he could hear them; they were swimming.

He was up in an instant. He could just barely distinguish between the snow and the water now, and he started to run cautiously along the edge of the pool. He didn't know what he gained by running, but so long as he could hear his team splashing he continued to run. The drifts clogged his feet, and the heavy dogskin weighted him down; he wanted to fling the coat off, and he clawed at the loops as he ran, but they defied his numb fingers. He floundered through the snow as best he could, but his progress was slow. The horses were panting hoarsely as they swam, and the sound was coming to him fainter and fainter. But when he had made his way round the upper end of the pool and some distance down the length of it another sound came to him over the face of the waters. He halted abruptly. He was even with the rapids. "They've got their feet on the bottom!" he cried joyfully.

Joy gave him fresh strength, and he pushed forward so stoutly that he soon reached the lower margin of the pool. The horses were still at the rapids, though what with the cold water swirling round their legs and the colder air biting their wet hides their foothold could be only the most precarious.

"Tom! Jerry! Now then!" he shouted, and his voice rang from bank to bank through the tranquil night. The bronchos obeyed his call. In another moment he could hear them swimming once more. They had left the rapids and were coming to him.

Biff looked intently into the darkness. It was not long before he could see them dimly outlined. Tom was swimming powerfully with his head and shoulders out of water, but Jerry, though he held up his end of the neck voke valiantly, showed only too plainly that

With the first onset he felt his feet slip



the strain had begun to tell on him. No team could be better matched, but Tom was the strong animal now, though his will was no better than Jerry's. The current ran swift below the rapids, and that circumstance helped to buoy them up. It was not a minute after Biff had caught sight of them that they swept against the ice where he was crouching.

He reached down and at the first grab got them by the bits, Tom with his left hand and Jerry with his right. Then he drew their heads up over the margin of the ice. The pull of the current tried to suck them under, but now their feet seemed to strike bottom again. But though he could hold them afloat he could by no means lift them out. They would have to lift themselves or perish. "Tom—Jerry—now then!" he urged them and tugged at the bits.

They responded nobly. Tom was the first to get his forefeet up over the ice, and Jerry

was not far behind. Biff braced himself; if he could only stand firm so as to afford the horses a kind of anchorage, it would help just so much. But he couldn't. With the first onset he felt his feet slip. The bronchos plunged violently, and he lost his foothold altogether. Down he went in a heap. But he did not let go of the bits. "If they drown, I drown too—Jeffers will blame me anyhow!" he thought desperately and hung on.

When Tom had surged up out of the pool with his fore quarters he had flung a deluge of water over Biff, or rather over Biff's coat, for none of it had gone through the long hair of the dogskin. In another second Biff fell flat, and the long dripping hair had no sooner come into contact with the ice than it froze and clamped him down. A post could not have furnished a better anchorage so long as he hung to the bits and the dogskin didn't tear.

He hung to the bits, though he felt as if the strain would pull his arms from their sockets; and the dogskin didn't tear enough to matter. A loop snapped somewhere round his neck, but there were half a dozen others, and they held. Tom heaved himself up till his hind hoofs struck the edge of the ice, and that circumstance put him into a position to help Jerry. With Tom's help and also with Biff's Jerry got his hind quarters out too, and after that the light sleigh, which had floated along behind them, presented no serious difficulties.

Biff wriggled out of the coat and left it where it lay; he drove the rest of the way to Corvuso with a robe swathed round his head and shoulders. For the trip back Dr. Carvil found plenty of warm wraps and put hot soapstones in the bottom of the sleigh. They were home before daylight. Biff spoke of the pool at the rapids in explanation of the detour

that he made to get by it, but he said nothing about his adventure. He was ashamed of having driven off into the water with his eyes open. Jeffers dragged the story out of him, however. Of course the man missed his coat, and Biff wasn't a bit good at making up a yarn. He did his best, but at last he had to make a clean breast of it. Jeffers didn't scold. He didn't say much of anything in fact, but he went as straight as he could go to the office of the village newspaper, and that was the beginning of Biff's celebrity.

When Dr. Carvil's forty and more patients read the paper that week they did not stop till they had made up a generous purse to start Biff on the road to better things. But what made Biff proudest was his picture in a big city daily, or rather his and Tom's and Jerry's; it showed him standing between his bronchos with an arm over the neck of each.



MATHEMATICAL EPIDEMICS



By D. N. Lehmer, Professor of Mathematics
University of California

HOW do boys know when the season for marbles has arrived? The question has been asked many times but seems to have no adequate answer. We are tempted to make use of the germ theory to account for the sudden appearance of bulging pockets and shattered trouser knees that heralds the coming of the annual pandemic. There seems to be no rule for predicting the onslaught, and many men who as boys went through the distemper regularly every year cannot tell whether it is scheduled for the spring or for the fall.

It is not difficult to give instances of many similar epidemics that, sweeping over the whole inhabited globe, spare neither old nor young. Among mathematicians especially the phenomenon is of frequent occurrence. One month the country may be perfectly calm except perhaps for the trifling disturbance of a presidential election, and the next month it may be writhing in the grasp of the problem of determining how old is Ann or when the twentieth century began. No sooner is the age of Ann and of the rest of the world determined than some unhappy victim begins to study the hands of the clock. When are they opposite each other? When do they make a right angle with each other? The epidemic at present, so far as we can determine by the appeals for help that come from every part of the country, seems to be concerned with cutting an eight-inch square of paper so that when the pieces are properly fitted together you have a rectangle five inches by thirteen. Since eight times eight is not equal to five times thirteen, the rule for finding the area of a rectangle, in spite of its venerable antiquity, is put under grave suspicion. At the risk of adding fuel to the flame we may say that The Companion gave in the Boys' Page for January 10, 1918, and also, with a new twist to it, in the Boys'

the base of the stem.

"How high is the break?" he asked.

The question raged over the Celestial Kingdom for many years, and centuries later it broke out with renewed violence in India, whence it was carried westward. It is gratifying to notice that the problems we have mentioned have lost much of their virulence owing to the immunity that a widely extended study of elementary algebra has produced.

Mathematical epidemics took a curious turn in India during the fifth and sixth centuries. Textbooks were written in verse, and problems in algebra were used for social entertainment. Brahmagupta writes of the problems in algebra: "These problems were proposed simply for pleasure; the wise man can invent a thousand others, or he can solve the problems of others by the rules given here. As the sun eclipses the stars by his brilliancy, so the man of knowledge will eclipse the fame of others in assemblies of the people if he proposes algebraic problems, and still more if he solves them." As an example of the ancient Hindu substitute for the charade—or the moving picture—we give the following: "Beautiful maiden with beaming eyes, tell me, as thou understandest the method of inversion, what is the number that, multiplied by three, then increased by three fourths of the product, divided by seven, diminished by one third of the quotient, multiplied by itself, diminished by fifty-two, the square root extracted, increased by eight and divided by ten, gives the number two?" Still more poetical is the following: "The square root of half the number of bees in a swarm has flown out upon a jasmine bush, leaving eight ninths of the swarm behind. The queen bee flies near a drone that is buzzing within a lotus flower into which he has been allured in the night by its sweet odor. Tell me the number of bees in the swarm." From a pedagogical point of view something might be said in favor of lyric algebra. Half a century ago the multiplication table was usually taught in joyful song; maybe the discontinuance of that method accounts for the inability of many of our students to decide instantly whether seven times nine are seventy-three or sixty-seven.

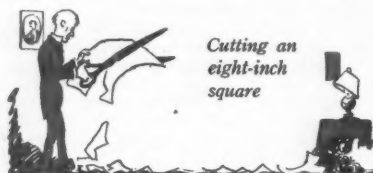
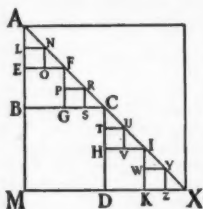
In mathematics as in medicine many chronic cases result from deep-seated prejudice against classical treatment and from too much faith in intuition. It may happen also that the sufferer is too weak to undergo the severe diet necessary to a complete cure. Thus the most famous example of a geometrical epidemic comes from a germ with a life history that reaches back some five thousand years; the germ has reappeared sporadically through the centuries down to the present time and in spite of specifics that are in the laboratory of every well-equipped mathematician still persists with undiminished virulence. The first recorded case of the disease, which is called "circle squaring," appears in an ancient papyrus dating as far back as 1700 B.C. that refers to a record of a much earlier date, perhaps as early as 3400 B.C. According to the writer, Ahmes, a circle the diameter of which is one foot is 256-81 feet round, or the ratio

between the circumference and the diameter of a circle is approximately 3.16049—which is not such a poor guess for the early Egyptians! The Babylonians and after them the Hebrews were content with the ratio 3. Unfortunately, the ratio is not exactly 3 or 3 plus 1-7 or 3 plus 1-8 or 3 plus any proper fraction whatever; the fact, which is well known to mathematicians, has been established beyond question but by an analysis so difficult that only a well-trained mathematician can hope to understand it. As a result many "solutions" of the world-old problem are invented every year and sent to prominent mathematicians and even to the copyright office. There is a story of the legislature of one of our Middle Western states that tried to make 3 plus 1-8 the legal ratio to be taught in all the state arithmetics and to be used in all computations. It was a fine plan to shatter the sorry

scheme of things entire, but some reactionary mathematician got wind of it, and the matter was hushed up.

Intuition is a poor remedy except for very mild cases. Not one person in a hundred can imagine a surface with only one side, and yet you can easily make a model by taking a strip of paper say a foot long and an inch wide and giving it a half twist and then gluing the two ends together. The resulting surface cannot be painted red on one side and blue on the other for the reason that there is only one side. Intuition will tell you nothing as to the kind of surface you would get on cutting such a surface down its middle line. Intuition tells us that a man with his coat and waistcoat on and his hands joined by a rope cannot turn his waistcoat wrong side out without untying his hands and removing his coat; and yet it is a trick that any person can do and forms part of the stock in trade of many unscrupulous mediums. The rope joining the hands should be some ten inches long, and the coat and the waistcoat should be easy fitting. The trick is performed by throwing the coat and the waistcoat over the head so that the two garments appear on the arms inside up with the waistcoat on top. Slip the coat through the armholes of the waistcoat and get the waistcoat on one arm. Then turn the waistcoat the other side up by drawing it through one of its own armholes; slip it back over the

"True enough for all practical purposes," and "True when one goes to infinity," and many similar phrases are like patent medicines that read, "Good for what ails you, whether rheumatism or ague," but, like intuition, they are not prescribed by regular practitioners. The following discussion, which seems to indicate that a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points, illustrates the danger of being satisfied with approximate truth in mathematics. A and X are the opposite corners of a square with edge, say, equal to one mile. Instead of going along the diagonal, we shall go from A to X by way of the corner M, following along the sides of the square. (See diagram.) The distance traveled is plainly two miles. If, however, we go through the points A, B, C, D, X, it is clear that we also travel two miles, since each of the lines AB, BC, CD, DX is equal to half a mile. Similarly we travel exactly two miles again if we go by way of the points A, E, F, G, C, H, I, K, X, since each of the eight short stretches is equal to a quarter of a mile. Similarly in passing through the points A, L, N, O, F, P, R, S, C, T, U, V, I, W, Y, Z the distance along the broken line is again two miles; and it appears that by continuing the process indefinitely the outer corners of the little squares will approach the diagonal of the square, AX, so that "for all practical



Cutting an eight-inch square

Page for February 13, 1919, the method of cutting up the square and the method of fitting the pieces together.

The problems connected with the hands of the clock are comparatively modern; certainly they are no older than the invention of the clock itself. There is a much older problem that adds much to the discomfort of students of algebra. It says that A can do a piece of work in one day, that B can do it in two days, and that C can do it in three days, and demands how long it will take all three working together to do it. Alcuin, an Irish mathematician at the court of Charlemagne in the eighth century had a severe attack of the difficulty in a slightly disguised form. With him A, B and C were pipes leading into a cistern, but the rest of the symptoms were the same. Alcuin must have caught the disease from the Romans, and the Romans must have got it from Heron, a Greek who lived a century before Christ. Heron probably got the germ from Egypt or from India, and India may have got it from the Chinese. India and China have ever been excellent breeding places for plagues of one sort or another. Thus ages ago in China some one observed that a bamboo that had stood ten feet high had broken and bent over so that the top touched the ground three feet from

Large oranges or small?



purposes" the crooked route will coincide with the diagonal, and therefore the diagonal is equal to two miles; so that the diagonal of a square appears to be equal to the sum of two of its sides, and the Pythagorean theorem goes by the board "for all practical purposes"! But any dog that ever chased a rabbit knows that the diagonal AX is shorter than AM + MX, and the Pythagorean theorem, which was probably of service in building the pyramids of Egypt, has certain "practical purposes" of its own to recommend it. The above method has, however, been used to "prove" theorems in geometry and physics that are really true, so that the formula "for all practical purposes," like many another patent medicine, enjoys a confidence that it has never really earned.

Another problem, quite similar in principle to the last, and capable of being treated in the same inaccurate way, arises when we buy a box of oranges. Do we get more fruit in buying large oranges or small? To put the matter more accurately: A cubical box with inside edge equal to twelve inches snugly contains a spherical ball; another box of the same dimensions contains eight six-inch balls; another box contains twenty-seven four-inch balls; another contains sixty-four three-inch balls; another contains two hundred and sixteen two-inch balls, and another seventeen hundred and twenty-eight one-inch balls. If the balls were all of solid gold, which box would you select? Following intuition, nine persons out of ten will say: The smaller the balls the more nearly they will come to filling the box, or, by diminishing the size of the balls, "for all practical purposes" we fill the box with solid gold. A little computation, however, will reveal the curious fact that the combined volume of the eight six-inch balls is exactly equal to the combined volume of

"How high is the break?"



coat as before, and it now appears on the coat with its right side up. Throw both garments again over the head, and now the coat appears right side out as before while the waistcoat is wrong side out. The curious and mystifying result baffles the intuition.

the twenty-seven four-inch balls, and that that volume in turn is exactly equal to the volume of the sixty-four three-inch balls and so on, so that there is absolutely no choice whatever between the boxes, and you will not get a grain more of gold if you take balls that are a millionth of an inch in diameter, for in that case there will be 1,728,000,000,000,000,000 of them,

and their combined volume will be exactly equal to the volume of the twelve-inch ball in the first box! Nevertheless, in buying a box of oranges, if we do not care to eat orange peel, we should buy the larger sizes, for the smaller the balls the greater the combined surface—a fact that explains why in making a solution we should pulverize as finely as possible the substance to be dissolved.

It then appears that the professional mathematician, who is often called upon to prescribe in severe cases, is likely to be a carrier of germs to which he himself is quite immune—germs that create profound disturbances when they gain entrance to the systems of those who have not by years of rigorous training developed the proper "antibodies." Many of the troubles are like

teething, and no one who would have a full set of teeth can reasonably hope to escape discomfort. For the rest the after effects are seldom serious, but, as in the case of many infections, the patient gains a certain immunity and is often stronger and safer because of the attack. In any event vigorous exercise of the mathematical muscles is to be strongly recommended.

THE CLOCK THAT STUCK *By Gorton Veeder Carruth*



HE has good works in her," said Abner Terwilliger gently. "All she needs is a little cleaning and oiling. I'll soon have her running all right again."

His wife Sarah sniffed, and it is doubtful if a sniff were ever loaded with more palpable irritation and disgust. "So you've said for the last ten years, Abner Terwilliger," she snapped, "and for all your tinkering and messing up my kitchen table you can't make it keep time. The clock's wore out, and you know it."

"Well, now, Sarah," said her husband mildly as he peered through his steel-framed spectacles at the scattered wheels and springs and wires on the table before him, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that. She's only thirty years old come August. Member old Sam Wexforth that sold her to us? She's got good works in her," he said, and he was right. She outwore Sam by many a day. I wouldn't put it by her to outwear us too, Sarah."

"I haven't a mite of doubt about it," his wife replied sharply, "and no wonder; she— it's got me most wore out already."

Sarah clattered her supper dishes loudly as she deposited them, clean and dry, on the shelves of the pantry. "I should think you'd be ashamed, Abner," she went on, "not to have a decent clock in the house. So long as we've got only one, a body ought to be able to tell time by it. That's what a clock's for. Why, when any of the neighbors are here and ask me what time it is I always feel as if I was lying to 'em when I look at that clock and tell 'em. Might's well look at the sun and guess at it. Prob'ly would hit it closer than that clock does." She bustled out of the kitchen. She would have spoken at greater length if experience had not warned her of the futility of doing it.

Left alone in the kitchen, Abner continued to polish the little brass wheels with a bit of rag. He sighed and seemed a trifle sober for a moment, but his look of serene happiness soon returned as he fingered the delicate machinery lovingly; now and then he would blow on it to make sure that no speck of dust or lint lingered. "Good works in her," he murmured whimsically to himself as he assembled the parts and with a broom straw began the nice process of oiling. "I'd hate to have to get another clock after all these years, and I don't reckon I will. She was a bit gummed up; that's all. Bet she'll go all right now—after I get her regulated. Guess I'll have to get Sarah a sundial," and he chuckled softly. "Great fishhooks! She'd bust it with her rolling-pin. Wore out? There ain't anything wore out about Sarah, but she frets too much. Poor girl!" His eyes misted. "She misses the children for all they are so near by."

He screwed the works back patiently into their plain, dark wooden case, put on the dial, affixed the hands and hung the pendulum bob on its hook. Then he slowly wound both sides, taking care not to get the springs too tight. Finally he swung the pendulum gently with his forefinger. The clock started off with a brave, loud tick.

"Wore out?" said Abner with a placid smile. "Good for twenty years yet. Mebbe more. 'She's got good works in her,' old Sam Wexforth said, and Sam knew, though he may have been a mite cracked in some other ways. Well, I'll set her tomorrow—get the right time from Tim Thatcher. He's bound to stop with the Watchman."

Abner closed the door of the clock and carried it carefully to its place on the kitchen shelf. "There," he murmured, "you're fixed again, and a good job if I do say it myself. Old Sam Wexforth couldn't have done a better." He listened contentedly to the clock's loud ticking. "Might get Sarah an hourglass—if I wanted a sand bath. But she won't have any more trouble now, I reckon."

But the old clock that he had doctored through many an illness and that was as

dear to him as a toy is to a child continued to make trouble. The following day he set it; he got the time from Tim Thatcher, the rural free delivery carrier, who as an employee of the government was relied upon for the correct time. That was Friday. Abner missed Tim on Saturday and so was unable to get the right time again and regulate the clock if it needed regulating.

Sunday morning he and Sarah drove to church as usual and allowed themselves plenty of time for the five-mile drive. But to Sarah's deep discomfiture they arrived in the middle of the sermon. Such a thing had never happened before! Her record of faithful and punctual attendance at church was a matter of considerable pride with her.

"I was never so mortified in my life, Abner Terwilliger," she scolded him as they drove home. "Did you see how they all smiled when we went in? And all because of that clock!

before it gets through. What's the use of your pretending you can fix it?"

"She is fixed, Sarah," Abner replied with a touch of dignity. "All she needs is regulating, as I said. All's the matter I set her going a little too fast the other day, that's all. It takes a little time to regulate a clock, Sarah."

"It does," his wife replied grimly. "You've been at it ten years and haven't got it done yet."

"She's got good works in her," was all that Abner could say, and he said it rather feebly. Sarah maintained a stern silence.

A few days later their son Sam, who had a home of his own now, drove over to spend the evening. As the three sat round the table in the dining room, which Abner and Sarah used freely as a sitting room, they could hear the staccato ticking of the clock in the kitchen during the occasional pauses in conversation. Suddenly during one of the pauses there

came a sharp, startling metallic sound, something between a snap and a buzz with a clang thrown in, as if somebody had thrust a fork into the blades of a whirling egg beater. In the unnatural stillness that followed everyone noticed that the clock was not ticking.

"There!" exclaimed Sarah, the first to break the silence. "That old clock has exploded, Abner! Gone to pieces like the one-hoss shay and for the same reason. A good riddance, I say. Now maybe I'll get a new clock."

"Oh, I don't know, Sarah," said Abner anxiously, getting up and fumbling for matches. "Prob'ly she isn't broken much. Spring slipped off, I expect. But that don't mean there's anything wrong with the works. Prob'ly I can fix it."

He went into the kitchen and struck a match. Lifting her hands in a gesture of despair, Sarah followed him, though just why she should have done so is not clear unless it was that she wanted to assure herself of the clock's dissolution. Sam, left to himself, chuckled a little, and then as his glance fell on a calendar hanging on the wall he seemed struck with a sudden idea; he snapped his

fingers vigorously and assumed a pleased, self-satisfied expression like a man who has just made a joke. After a moment he followed his parents to the kitchen.

Abner took the clock tenderly from the shelf and carried it to the operating table. "Where's the little screw driver, Sarah?" he asked.

Silently she found it for him, and he set about removing the works. As soon as he had them out of the case his practiced eye saw the trouble. "Sho!" he exclaimed. "The spring's broke!"

"Well, I guess we're shut off that clock now, Abner," said Sarah, though her voice perhaps contained more of inquiry than of conversation.

"Well, now, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," replied Abner. "Course that broken spring don't mean there's really anything wrong with the works. Spring's likely to break in any clock; brittle things, springs are. Just as likely to break in a perfectly new clock. Anyway I wouldn't be surprised if I could fix her."

His wife groaned slightly. "Yes, I s'pose so. Come on, Sam. He'll spend the rest of the night tinkering. If the angel Gabriel was to come along and blow his horn Abner would ask him to wait a minute till he finished tinkering that clock."

Sarah was not far wrong in her first prophecy. It was long after Sam had left and she had gone to bed that Abner stopped tinkering and went to join her. "Well?" she demanded sleepily as he woke her getting into bed.

"I fixed her, Sarah," he replied with some pride. "Took the spring off the striking side and put it on the time side in place of the broken one. Course she don't strike now, but she's running all right. Maybe I can fix up the broken spring tomorrow. I tell you, Sarah, she's got good works in her."

Sarah was too sleepy to do anything except groan. She did that pretty expressively, though, before she dozed off again.

The clock's loud familiar tick greeted her when she descended to the kitchen the next morning, but its hoarse, stuttering jangle, which she had heard almost every half hour of her waking married life, was silent. She averred that the circumstance was a blessing for which she was duly thankful—for this was a world in which small blessings should not "be sneezed at" even though you still had to suffer great trials and tribulations as, for example, a doddering old clock with no respect for the truth!

But the absence of the clock's half-hourly variations on the theme *tempus fugit*, however they might have lacked in veracity, obviously worried Abner. He appeared in the kitchen many more times than usual during the following days, getting under Sarah's feet, as she put it, and each time he regarded the clock with an abstracted, meditative gaze. He carried the two halves of the broken spring in his pocket and spent much time fitting them carefully together and pondering over them. Whenever he had spare moments in the course of the day he sat at a bench in the woodshed and pawed over a vast collection of small miscellaneous metal articles, the thirty years' accumulation of a tinkering man, in an effort to find a way to patch the spring so that it would give service again. But he didn't make much headway.

His conduct so exasperated his wife that one day she "lit out" and drove over to her daughter Mary's and told her all about her pa's qualifications for putting to a severe test the patience of a saint. Mary listened sympathetically to her mother and soothed her as best she could, but all the time she wore a curious little half smile as if she had a bit of a joke that her mother was not sharing. Anyhow Sarah went home comforted.

Matters thus ran along for a few days, with the clock ticking like a pneumatic hammer but silent when the time came to strike. Abner wandered about dreamily and fussed with the clock spring. Sarah tried to be patient under affliction and succeeded—until the 23d of July, which was her birthday.

It happened that on that day Sarah had



Abner took the clock tenderly from the shelf and carried it to the operating table

What good did your tinkering the other night do, I'd like to know? Don't you see now you can't fix it?"

"Well, I don't know as I'd go so far as to say that, Sarah," answered Abner gently. "You see, the clock's running all right. It just wants regulating. You know that little nut on the bottom of the penulum? Well, I'll just screw that up a little when we get home, and that'll make the clock go faster and—"

"O fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Terwilliger and rode the rest of the way home in silence.

Abner regulated the clock as he had said he would, and for a few days it gave no trouble. Then one day a neighbor, Mrs. Pattengill, who lived half a mile away, sent word by Tim Thatcher that she was coming over that afternoon at three o'clock to get Mrs. Terwilliger's assistance in solving a dress-making problem. Sarah, who had planned to go berrying, waited until half past three and then went and left the house locked. When she returned she found stuck into the door a note explaining that Mrs. Pattengill had been there and was politely sorry not to find Mrs. Terwilliger at home. That evening Sarah trudged over to Mrs. Pattengill's to explain—a task that she found especially mortifying in view of the fact that she arrived at Mrs. Pattengill's twenty minutes before she had left her own home!

"A pretty state of affairs," Sarah observed to Abner after she had returned. "Mrs. Pattengill was real put out, and I don't blame her. That clock will lose me all my friends

came from the kitchen a startling metallic sound, something between a snap and a buzz with a clang thrown in, as if somebody had thrust a fork into the blades of a whirling egg beater. In the unnatural stillness that followed everyone noticed that the clock was not ticking.

"There!" exclaimed Sarah, the first to break the silence. "That old clock has exploded, Abner! Gone to pieces like the one-hoss shay and for the same reason. A good riddance, I say. Now maybe I'll get a new clock."

"Oh, I don't know, Sarah," said Abner anxiously, getting up and fumbling for matches. "Prob'ly she isn't broken much. Spring slipped off, I expect. But that don't mean there's anything wrong with the works. Prob'ly I can fix it."

He went into the kitchen and struck a match. Lifting her hands in a gesture of despair, Sarah followed him, though just why she should have done so is not clear unless it was that she wanted to assure herself of the clock's dissolution. Sam, left to himself, chuckled a little, and then as his glance fell on a calendar hanging on the wall he seemed struck with a sudden idea; he snapped his



a quantity of jam and jelly to put up and worked hard at it all the morning. It was a warm day, and she was fairly well "tucked out" by the task, but directly after dinner, according to the Terwilliger custom on birthdays, she set about baking a fine large birthday cake. They would eat it for supper that evening, when the children would be there. She put the three layers into the oven and glanced at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes to two. As her filling was ready, she sat down to rest while the cake was baking. She picked up the day's issue of the Golden-bridge Watchman, which Tim Thatcher had just left, and was soon deep in its gossip. From time to time she glanced at the clock. She became deeply interested in the installment of a thrilling detective story, but she still did not forget her cake. As she began the story she looked at the time; it was fifteen minutes to two. When she was part way through the installment her eyes again lifted from the paper to the clock—ten minutes to two. She read on. Presently it was five minutes to two. She would finish the story and then look at her cake.

But before she finished she became aware that something was burning in the kitchen. It was then three minutes to two. What was the matter? Her gaze rested upon the hour hand of the old clock. It was well past the "II" on the dial. Sarah seemed rather to soar than to rise and walk to the stove. She flung open the oven door. Through the blue haze that rolled forth she saw three disks, black when they should have been golden brown. Her cake was ruined! The minute hand of the clock had so dallied on its way up the left side of the dial that the cake had been in the oven for no telling how long—for three quarters of an hour at least.

Sarah was both very tired and very warm, but when she stepped to the back door and spoke to her husband, who was hitching up to drive to town, her tone was full of energetic decision and frosty coldness. "Abner," she said, "that clock has ruined my cake, and I'll not make another. There's no use talking." To emphasize that remark the door closed with an ear-racking slam.

For a moment Abner gazed in astonishment at the closed door. Then, "On a rampage," he murmured. "Great bumblebees! Haven't seen her that bad since Hilda used the liquid stove polish in place of bluing. Time to go easy, Abner; easy is the word."

He stepped to the door and softly opened it. Sarah was not to be seen, and he went in. His glance fell upon the burnt cake layers. "Poor girl," he murmured, "and on her own birthday too. It ain't so easy to be patient when you're fifty-five and not so strong as you was once." He looked at the clock and studied it for a moment. Then he heaved a long sigh and said a little more loudly, "Well, that settles it." Moving more quickly now he found a pencil stub on the clock shelf and, tearing off a scrap of paper, wrote:

Sarah. Am going to town and will get you a cake at Joram's. Don't bother to make another.

He chuckled a trifle as he wrote. "Superfluous advice, prob'ly, though she might have a change of heart after I'm out of the way." He placed the note on the table and, giving the clock one long look before he closed the door, went out. "She has good works in her," he murmured, "but thirty years is a long time." He pulled his hat down over his eyes, jumped into the buggy and drove off.

If Sarah was a bit subdued at the birthday supper that evening, the others did not seem to notice that she was. Mary and Sam and their families and Abner kept up a merry flow of conversation. When it came time for the cake Sarah explained a little tremulously that the cake wasn't of her making, but that, as hers had burned, Abner had got her one at the baker's.

Since Abner had forewarned them they all accepted the rather odd situation as being perfectly natural and so relieved Sarah's embarrassment. Before they started to eat the cake there was a presentation of gifts, and Sarah found herself suddenly confronted with three good-sized parcels, and, on breaking through much paper and cardboard, she discovered that she was the possessor of three new clocks! Abner, Sam and Mary, each unaware of the others' intentions, had decided that Sarah should have a new clock at last. The tragedy of the cake had forced Abner to his decision.

Sarah's sudden wealth of clocks after so long a period of poverty seemed to confuse her. They were nice clocks, she admitted, and she was much beholden to everybody, and a body certainly wouldn't lack for the time in that house any more. Still she appeared to be

a bit put out by the three staring clockfaces before her and less jubilant than might have been expected.

After the jollification had subsided a bit Abner cleared his throat and asked casually, "Where will you put 'em, Sarah?"

She looked at him a little timidly. "Well—no rush about that," she replied. "I'll figger it out tomorrow."

When the next day dawned Abner went off to his morning's work and left her to dispose the clocks about the house. He was rather sober that morning. He didn't stop in the woodshed to finger the broken clock spring as he usually did. When he came into the kitchen at noon, his eye went involuntarily to the shelf. The old clock still was there, ticking raucously and unashamed as if it had never spoiled a cake in its life.

"Abner," said Sarah quaveringly, coming close to him, "I—I couldn't bear to put the old clock away. She—it's stood there ever since we were married, Abner, and watched me at work here in the kitchen. It wouldn't be natural here without it. I—maybe I'm an old fool, Abner, but I can't part with it. So I put one of the new clocks in the dining room and one in the sitting room and the other in the bedroom. 'Twon't be any hardship to step into the next room if I want to see one."

Abner beamed happily at the old clock. "She has good works in her," he said softly, and his hand closed on Sarah's. "She'll be good's new soon's I get that spring mended and the hand fixed so's it won't stick that way again. I can tinker her up, Sarah."

"There ain't a better man at tinkering than you, Abner," said Sarah gently.

A MESSAGE TO CHIEF JOSEPH

Chapter One. Strong medicine

By
Frank
Robertson

IT was in the spring of 1870 that I first met the old mountaineer. I was a boy of twelve years at the time, and I remember vividly the thrilling stories of the frontier that he used to tell in his quiet yet forceful way. The only name I ever knew him to be called was Leander. His hair and beard were iron-gray, and he was as straight and supple as an Indian.

At the time my folks had a ranch in the Snake River Valley close to the junction of the two famous trails, the Oregon Trail and the less known but equally important trail that led from Salt Lake to Helena. My father had a small bunch of cattle and sold beef to what travelers came by, and mother kept a sort of boarding house—a circumstance to

at the time ability to speak the language of the Shoshones was a valuable accomplishment. We lived right in the territory that the western branch of the great Shoshonean family claimed. Though the Indians round our home were domestic by nature; the large majority of the tribes were restless, and reports frequently came to us of horrible outrages that they had committed upon small wagon trains or upon isolated bands of trappers and prospectors. The great gold rushes into Idaho had embittered the Indians, for the feverish miners had paid no attention whatever to the rights of the tribes.

Early in the spring of 1877 I got the chance to do a little adventuring, a thing that for years I had been longing to do. Leander

dandy. His buckskin clothes and moccasins were always scrupulously clean and neat, and he took pride also in his outfit. His saddle horse, Singer, was a magnificent roan, one of the finest horses imaginable. In only one respect was his outfit disappointing; his pack horse, an old, chunky buckskin pony called Brogan that he had owned for years, was anything except beautiful. Yet what Brogan lacked in beauty he made up in intelligence; he was the wisest horse I ever knew, and in Leander's affections he occupied a place that amounted almost to worship.

My own horses were good. My saddle horse, Irish, was a tall gray and was something of a race horse; my pack horse was a bald-faced sorrel named Remorse, a good, fast horse with a wicked disposition.

With those four horses we were able to make good progress, though Brogan was somewhat of an impediment. When we let him follow no matter how far he got behind we could always depend upon his finding camp. He seemed to have an uncanny ability to find camp, and he was an incorrigible old camp robber. Nothing in camp was sacred to him; he would toss blankets and food in every direction until he found bread or potatoes or dried apples, of which he was especially fond. At times when it was necessary to lead him he was a real check to our progress. "Turn him over on his back so he'll drag better," I used to suggest to Leander.

"Don't git impatient with Brogan, Dave," Leander would remonstrate mildly. "He'll be there in a pinch when these fine horses are missin'."

Of course I would laugh to show my disbelief, but Leander would insist: "You don't know Brogan. The hardest obstacle a mountaineer has to tackle is crossin' these ragin' mountain streams, and no fish is better than Brogan in the water. I swum the Columbia on him once, an' I never saw nary another horse could do it."

Leander had a habit of making dry camps, which I thought unnecessary. We would fill our water kegs at some spring and then travel a mile or so into the timber to camp. "Ain't takin' no chances on Injuns' liftin' our ha'r," he said one day.

"I'm not afraid of Indians, even if it happens to be old Chief Big Foot himself," I declared. "Why, that old fellow has eaten dinner with us as often as you have."

"You might powwow with Big Foot all night and be perfectly safe, and in the mornin' you'd find out his young bucks had lit out with all our horses," Leander replied.

That was a possibility which I had overlooked; so I said no more.

The next morning Leander's caution was vindicated; our horses were missing. Round the spring where we had last filled our kegs were many tracks of hoofs and of moccasins.

"There's about a dozen of 'em, and they're travelin' light and fast," said Leander.

With dumb misery I only looked at him; losing my two horses was by far the greatest tragedy of my young life.

"If they had only left Brogan we could have won out," Leander said.

I could see that he felt as bad as I did, but I answered peevishly: "I'd much rather have any of the others."

"No, you wouldn't; Brogan is different. He is sort of a lucky horse. He was sure strong medicine that time he swum the Columbia an' another time when he swum Powder River when she was a ragin' torrent."

I was familiar of course with an Indian's respect for "medicine," and, knowing that the old mountaineers often shared the superstition, I had tact enough to treat Leander's words with respect.

"The way I figure is this," he continued; "these Injuns are just a passel of young bucks scourin' the country to pick up such prospectors as us. There's a rendezvous up here in the mountains where the bucks can git together with no fear of white men an' can dance to their hearts' content round the scalps of the poor fellows they've killed. I reckon this bunch is on their way there."

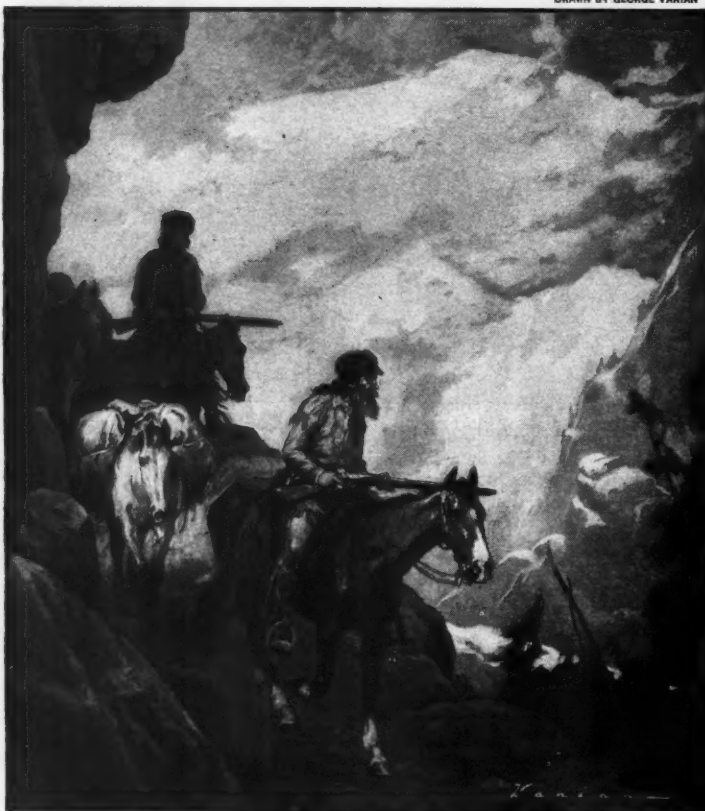
"Do you know where it is?" I asked.

"I reckon I might find it, but even if we did foller 'em there it would be mighty dangerous tryin' to git our ponies back."

"Let's try it!" I said eagerly.

"You'll do!" Leander exclaimed. "I wanted you to make the proposal first. There is a chance that if we go straight to the mark we'll beat those savages in, for they're likely to zigzag back and forth, hopin' to pick up some more ponies or scalps. If we can sneak our ponies away, there'll be no danger, for nothin' those Injuns own can catch 'em."

Though I doubted Brogan's ability to run away from the fastest Indian ponies, I said nothing. We cached our saddles, our camp equipage and our provisions except for a few



A month later Leander and I were well on our way toward the headwaters of Salmon River

which I owed my acquaintance with Leander, who always stayed with us on his infrequent trips out to civilization. I think he took a fancy to me, for I was the sort of boy he liked. I could ride, rope and shoot and could stand hardships. Many a night I had stood the "graveyard" shift when I was night herding; many a night I had slept out with my saddle for a pillow and my saddle blanket for a covering. Moreover, I had learned the Shoshone language and customs until I could speak and act like a native.

offered to take me with him far up into the heart of the Bitterroots to search for a mysterious lost mine that was said to be the source of the wonderful Salmon River placer diggings that had inflamed the whole country in the sixties. Surely the idea of going to look for the mine was enough to inflame the mind of any nineteen-year-old boy, and, though my parents had objected, a month later Leander and I were well on our way toward the headwaters of Salmon River.

In his way Leander was something of a

necessaries such as coffee, flour, salt, a frying pan and a few other small things, which we wrapped in blankets and made into packs to be carried on our backs in slings made from the pack ropes. Those articles with our rifles were all the load that we wanted to handle.

Leander laid our course almost straight north toward a spur of abrupt saw-toothed-like peaks that ran out from the main continental divide. The next two days were like a nightmare to me. My back ached under the blisters. Had it not been for my youthful pride I might have given up, but whenever I would look at the tireless old man beside me I had to grit my teeth and tramp on.

On the second night we camped near the mouth of a deep-winding cañon that came out from the spur of peaks. "That is Black Cañon," said Leander. "A five-mile meadow just over the divide from the head of it is where I figure the Injuns are heading for. If our medicine is strong we'll be in sight of our horses tomorrow night."

We made a fireless camp and dined on cold antelope meat that we had cooked that morning. The next morning we entered the cañon and began to ascend it. Although there was a well-defined trail in the bottom of the cañon, Leander insisted that we keep in the timber, which was heavy on both sides. That method of traveling retarded our progress somewhat, but that the proposal was wise became clear soon after noon. As we were picking our way Leander suddenly seized my arm. "Quiet," he said between his teeth. "I caught sight of a bunch of Injuns coming up the trail."

A few minutes later a band of a dozen Indians came in sight a hundred feet below us. They were riding in single file; every one was in full war regalia, and their hideous painted faces were glowing from under the gorgeous war bonnets. But what caught and held my attention was the powerful warrior in the lead riding Singer and the man behind him riding my own beloved Irish. Then suddenly my eyes rested upon four ghastly trophies swinging from the saddle of the leading Indian. They were scalps, and one of them was the long brown hair of a woman.

I saw Leander's rifle glide noiselessly as a snake through the brush; but he pulled it swiftly back and shook his head soberly. The Indians did not even glance in our direction. When they were out of sight I started to get up, but Leander restrained me. "Brogan," he whispered, "Brogan ain't gone by yet."

Several minutes passed, and then a lone Indian came in sight. His war paint was streaked with sweat; his feathers drooped, and the air of arrogance that the rest wore was entirely missing on this fellow. The reason for it was obvious; he was riding Brogan; and, snorting and jerking at the end of thirty feet of rope, came Remorse, reluctantly.

Leander was chuckling grimly to himself as the desperate Indian, muttering imprecations upon the two ponies, rode past. "There's one Injun atonin' for his sins, but he'll sure be a heap more repentant before he's done with those two cayuses."

"They are Bannocks," I said excitedly. "I've seen several of them before."

"Do you know the chief that carried the scalps?"

"No, I don't," I admitted.

"He had a pair of buffalo horns in his hair. I'll bet he is Buffalo Horn."

I did not doubt that he was Buffalo Horn; I only knew that if he were, things were looking bad. For Buffalo Horn was a young buck who had been causing trouble for some time, and only recently he had succeeded the old warrior who had been head chief of the Bannock tribe.

"Do you suppose there is a general uprising?" I asked. The threat of an uprising had hung ominously over our people for the past twenty years.

"It's not likely," replied Leander. "Probably that's just a band out for a little excitement on the side. When they git back to the agency they'll be as gentle as sheep."

"But how are we to get our horses back?"

"Can't tell a thing till the time comes. We'll just have to traipse along after 'em and go quietly enough to save our ha'r."

The sun was just setting when we slipped cautiously into a thicket on the top of the divide. Below us lay the meadow, five miles long and two miles wide. As we looked down both of us exclaimed at once. Smoke from hundreds of tepees was ascending and was gradually blending with the thin mountain air; the Indians were preparing their evening meal. The meadow was covered with horses as thick as flies upon an old camp ground. "It's a grand powwow," Leander whispered. "All the Injuns in Idaho looks like have slipped away off here to talk about somethin' mighty important."

For the moment we forgot our horses as we tried to imagine what the monster gathering portended. "Somethin' mighty dangerous is being planned down there," Leander said ominously, "and we've just naturally got to find out what it is."

I waited silently for him to say what we should do. "Come dark," he said, "I'll have to slip in an' see what I can find out. There'll be a big powwow of the chiefs in the council house, an' if I can slip in close mebbe I—"

"But you can't understand the language," I objected.

"No-o," Leander admitted. "I never could seem to git the hang of the blamed lingo, but I reckon I can savvy some of it, an' if they git excited they'll be makin' a lot of gestures, and with an Injun every gesture means more'n a mouthful. I figure I can make sense out of it."

"I'll go with you," I declared. "I can speak Shoshone like a native, and I've more than a smattering of Bannock."

"I don't like to have you tryin' it," he objected.

"If it is an uprising against the whites they're planning, we can't afford to take any chances of not learning all we can."

"That's right, but it's better to risk one neck than two."

"Then let me go alone, because I savvy the talk," I urged.

"You go in there alone an' you won't git back with ha'r enough to make a pincushion for a doll."

In the end I prevailed upon him to let me go with him. We waited in the thicket until the stars came out and the camp fires began to dance crazily against the background of darkness. As we moved closer to the camp we heard the monotonous singing of the night herders as they circled vigilantly round the great band of grazing ponies: "Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai; yoy-yoy-yoy-yoy-yoy; ai-yoy, ai-yoy, yoy-yoy."

"We've got to git through those night-hawks right away if we're to find out anything," Leander whispered. "Foller me an' make no more racket than you can help if you want to keep your scalp."

Single file and with our rifles trailing, we descended to the smooth floor of the meadow. We had discarded everything except the guns and a red blanket apiece, which we kept ready to wrap round our shoulders Indian fashion if we should meet anyone. The leaping fires guided us; from time to time we could see a squaw throw a pile of brush on a fire, and as the flame leaped up we could plainly see groups of Indians, mostly squaws and papooses, hunkered down in the glow or passing restlessly from one fire to another. There seemed to be something sinister about their movements, and for the first time in my life I knew what it was to feel stark fear. Though the evening was warm, my hands seemed frozen; the hand that held the gun was no more capable of feeling than the wooden stock. Above the weird singing of the herders and the crunching of the horses as they nipped the short grass we could hear the tuneless croaking of hundreds of frogs in the marshy places of the meadow. By the singing of the night herders we could tell that each had a space of perhaps three hundred yards to guard, over which he rode back and forth at a jog trot. We had to get past one of the herders and do it quick.

"On your belly," Leander whispered.

I threw myself at his heels, and we snaked through the grass, which already was beginning to be wet with dew. We crawled to within fifty feet of the line and flattened ourselves breathlessly while one of the herders rode by, singing. As soon as he showed his back we crawled rapidly across the line. We were not more than ten feet past it when Leander stuck his arm into water up to the elbow. He seized me as I came abreast of him. Water was something we had not thought of. Already the Indian had turned and was riding straight for us. We dared not go back, and we dared not go splashing forward.

TO BE CONTINUED.



He Did This

By steam-exploding wheat

Prof. A. P. Anderson, by inventing Puffed Wheat, did this for you and your children.

He made whole wheat a tempting dainty, so that children revel in it.

He made whole wheat wholly digestible, so all its 16 elements feed.

And he helped you make the milk dish popular by floating these tidbits in it.

Millions are better fed

Doctors say that children need more whole grains and more milk. Whole wheat is practically a complete food. It is rich in minerals which children need. Milk is rich in vitamins.

Now you have Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—whole grains puffed to bubbles. Airy, flimsy, flavory grains which seem like food confections.

You have those grains with every food cell blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

Serve them morning, noon and night, in every way you can. They are not mere breakfast dainties.

Puffed Wheat in milk is the greatest night dish that a child can get.

These are supreme foods. And there is no other way to serve them with all food cells broken.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Whole grains steam-exploded
Puffed to 8 times normal size



The morning dainty

Puffed Rice with cream and sugar. Bubble grains that taste like toasted nuts. Also mix with fruits.

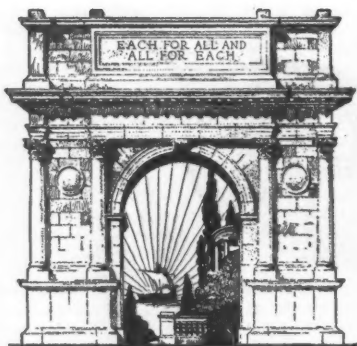


For after school

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. They need between-meal lunches.

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN





FACT AND COMMENT

RESULTS ARE PATENT to all; only the wise can discern causes.

Not, "Is it Old or is it New?"
But, "Is it False or is it True?"

WE ATTRIBUTE all our successes to ourselves and all our failures to our circumstances.

THE HOOVER COMMITTEE on national waste found that American "investors" lose half a billion dollars a year in bucket shops and fraudulent stocks.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great sums that we spend for education and the satisfaction with which we regard our school system, the United States stands eleventh among the nations of the world in literacy—thanks to our negro population and to illiterate immigrants from Southern Europe.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS are not, as most persons suppose, a dying race. There are now more than three hundred and forty thousand of them in the United States, which is perhaps seventy-five thousand more than there were twenty years ago. Indeed, there are now as many as there were a hundred years ago.

TO A LIMITED EXTENT people of the South have been familiar with cassena as a substitute for tea. The shrub grows wild and abundantly from Virginia to Texas. The Bureau of Chemistry at Washington has discovered a way of curing cassena leaves so that they make a "delightful beverage," and it believes that the laboratory experiments can be repeated on a commercial scale.

THE PANAMA CANAL is now carrying about a million and a quarter tons of shipping a month, and the revenue from tolls is about a million and a quarter dollars. That means that only about ten vessels a day pass through the canal—a number that is only half as many as the locks can handle even by daylight, and, since the canal is fully lighted, only perhaps a quarter of what it could handle in the twenty-four hours.

THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE of the low birth rate in France, according to sociologists who have been studying the matter, is an article of the Napoleonic Code of laws that prohibits one of several children from becoming the sole heir to an estate. Real estate must either be divided among the heirs or sold in order that each heir may have a part of the money received for it. The French peasant loves his land so passionately that rather than have his farm divided or sold after his death he contents himself with one or two children.

A BOSTON DEPARTMENT STORE that has worked out a scientific budget plan for a woman's wardrobe advises women to think in terms of a three-year period; a \$60 coat that wears three years is cheaper than a \$45 coat that wears only two. The amount of money available for clothing should be divided on this basis: forty-three per cent for dresses, coats and suits; twenty-four per cent for hats, shoes and gloves; twenty per cent for underwear and hosiery; eight per cent for blouses, sweaters and skirts; and five per cent for accessories.

OFFICIALLY SPEAKING, the rural free delivery system is still almost entirely horse drawn, as it was when it was established in 1896. When Congress authorized the Post Office Department to use motor cars on its R. F. D. routes the department began to displace many old drivers and to lengthen the existing routes by consolidating several of them into one. There were so many protests that Congress soon passed an act by which the Post Office Department was permitted to set up a motor route only when a majority of the heads of the families that it was to

serve had petitioned for it. There is no ruling to prohibit the use of a motor vehicle on any route, if the carrier wishes to use one.

COMPETITION

IV. Competition and the Golden Rule

A FEW well-meaning and high-minded persons disapprove of competition on moral and religious grounds. To them any form of competition seems incompatible with the highest standards of Christian ethics. To be consistent, such people should not play croquet or engage in any other competitive game, or run for office, or take active part in anyone else's candidacy. The competition in those fields is quite as intense as it is in business.

For some reason or other we are so constituted that we can hardly amuse ourselves without some form of competition. The fact that we like competitive games and invent them for our amusement, together with the fact that we are not easily interested in a story or a play that does not picture some kind of competitive struggle, throws an important light on human nature. It shows what we are really like. It probably indicates that we must have some kind of competition; if not one kind, then another. If that is true, the real problem is to get ourselves interested in a form of competition that produces desirable rather than undesirable results. Competitive production is obviously better than competitive destruction. Competitive bargaining is certainly no worse than competitive office seeking.

But is competition of any kind compatible with the Golden Rule? Does a competitor do unto others as he would have them do unto him? Is he not trying to do unto his competitors what he would not like to have them do unto him?

That depends upon what kind of man he is. If he is the kind of man who, in a game of croquet, would like to have his competitor intentionally miss several wickets in order to let him win the game, then, in strict accordance with the Golden Rule, he himself should purposely miss enough wickets to enable his competitor to win. If both players really try to play the game in that way, they will find themselves competing as ardently as if they were playing the game in the usual way. Each would be trying to miss more wickets than the other, instead of trying to go through more wickets than the other. Their only way of avoiding competition would be to stop playing.

Again, if a business man is the kind of man who would like to have his competitor manage badly so as to enable him to get the business, then, in strict conformity with the Golden Rule, he too should manage so badly as to enable his competitor to get the business. Instead of competing to get business away from each other, they would find themselves competing to throw business to each other. The only way in which they could avoid competition would be to keep out of business altogether. That would result in putting all the business of the country, as well as all the games of the country, into the hands of people who care nothing for the Golden Rule.

The kind of person who wants his competitor to "play the game"—to do his best to win—must, if he observes the Golden Rule, "play the game" himself. That makes a good game. So, too, the business man who wants his competitor to do his best to win must also, in accordance with the Golden Rule, do his best to win. That makes good business. If the business is a productive one, as every business should be, the more energetically competitive production is carried on the more we shall produce, and the better everyone will be fed, clothed and housed.

A NEW TEXTILE

HOW many of our readers have ever heard of arghan? Probably few. The word is not in the dictionaries and has been heard on the lips of men—at least of white men—only four or five years. But it promises to become familiar enough, for it is the name of a plant that produces a fibre remarkably well adapted for weaving into cloth and for laying up into cordage. Arghan cannot take the place either of wool or of silk, but it can be used wherever cotton, flax or hemp is used, and, according to English textile experts, it has certain advantages over all of them.

The strength of the fibre is its most striking quality. Not only is it far tougher than

cotton, but experiments show that it is much stronger than either the best hemp or the best flax. Moreover, it resists the action of salt water much better than any other vegetable fibre and is therefore suitable for nets, ship cordage and sailcloth. Arghan cloth is firm and pleasing in texture, bleaches well and takes dyes perfectly. So far only coarse cloths have been woven, but there appears to be no reason why, with the proper machinery, the new fibre cannot be made to compete in appearance with the finer cottons and linens.

The plant is of the maguey, or pineapple, species. It has long sedgelike leaves, which can easily be split into straight glistening fibres five or six feet long. It is those fibres which are spun into yarn, and they need little preparation before going on the spindle.

Arghan is a South American plant. Its possibilities were discovered by Sir Henry Wickham, the British rubber grower, before the outbreak of the war, but it was not until the war made it difficult for British manufacturers to get all the hemp and flax they needed that arghan was appreciated. Within the last four years large plantations for growing the plant have been established in the Federated Malay States, in India and in Ceylon. British capital established all of them, and there is at present no commercial supply of arghan for other than British weavers and rope-makers; but, if the new fabrics prove as useful and durable as they are said to be, we shall both hear and see a good deal of them in the future.

THE DECENCY OF AGE

ONE of the great dangers of age is untidiness and personal neglect. Unconsciously, with the gradual progress of the years, we slip into careless habits and are likely to find ourselves unbrushed, unwashed, unkempt, before we realize the fatal tendency. The failure of strength shows in this as in so many things: it is a slight effort to keep neat, but a constant one, and constant efforts grow a burden when a man is nearing threescore and ten. The failure of vision has much to do with it also. Young eyes are quick to detect a speck of dust, or a lingering spot, or a threadbare seam. Old eyes can hardly seek for mislaid glasses to follow up such trivial matters. For the matters do seem trivial, like most other matters. Why bother with appearances when the grave is so near? Yet we have got to live and have got to live with our friends and those whom we depend on. They have good eyes, and it pays to remember that our appearance makes a lot of difference to them, even if we think it makes none to us.

It was a wise maxim of a wise woman, that, as people grow older, they should be even more careful about their garments, should see that they are well and becomingly and tastefully dressed, should give more thought to the proper and reasonable adornment of the body the more it needs it. This does not of course mean excess. There is a jaunty display, a flaunting emphasis of ultra fashion, that is singularly annoying and even disgusting in older persons. We shrink instinctively from women of fifty whose skirts are shorter, necks lower and hair more extravagant than those of girls of fifteen. There is an appropriateness for all ages, and the true secret is to dress so that no one shall think about your age at all.

Elderly persons should dress and speak and think, not so that their friends should pity them for being old, but so that they will be grateful to them for being alive.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION AGAIN

THE reverential attitude that for one hundred years preserved the Constitution of the United States from any change except the amendments that resulted from the Civil War has apparently been definitely abandoned. The income-tax amendment, the senatorial-elections amendment, the prohibition amendment and the woman-suffrage amendment followed one another in rapid succession. Now an amendment forbidding child labor is proposed, and there is a strong movement in Congress for important changes in the constitutional provisions that govern the election of the President and Vice President and that fix the date of inauguration and of the meeting of a newly elected Congress.

For some reason not entirely clear the two proposed amendments dealing with those matters were referred to the agricultural

committee of the Senate. That committee has reported them favorably. One amendment provides that the President shall be inaugurated in January instead of March, and that the new Congress shall meet at the same time instead of in December, thirteen months after it is elected. The second amendment abolishes the electoral colleges, but does not open the presidency to direct popular vote. Each state would continue to have the electoral votes that it has now, but they would not be cast by persons chosen for that purpose, but would be certified direct to Congress by the election officials of each state.

It is impossible to feel that the "palladium of our liberties" is seriously threatened by either change. There are those who think that Congress legislates too much and too hastily anyway, and who would like to have its opportunity for action delayed as long as possible. But in these days when election returns are known everywhere almost as soon as the polls are closed, and when public officials speed to Washington on limited express trains, the leisurely, not to say dilatory, practices inherited from the eighteenth century seem to most Americans a little absurd and even potentially dangerous.

The change in the manner of electing the President also seems unobjectionable except to those who fear that it is only a step toward direct election by popular vote. Even that idea has of course a great many supporters in Congress and throughout the country. Generally speaking, those who oppose it are those who do not like too much centralization in government and who are jealous for the continually menaced authority of the various states.

The newspapers report that Mr. Bryan has still another proposal for changing the method of electing the President. He would make the Congressional district and not the state the unit and would give each district one vote for President. In practice that would be nearly equivalent to having the chief magistrate elected by Congress, though now and then a closely divided district might elect a member of one political faith and vote for the other party's presidential candidate. Mr. Bryan's idea is to keep the entire vote of a great state like New York or Illinois from being cast for a candidate who may have received only a few hundred votes more than his competitor. The point is important in theory rather than in practice, for probably in no instance, except the disputed election of 1876, have the electoral colleges chosen a President who would not have been elected according to the results of the election for members of Congress.

A TOTTERING ALLIANCE

THE understanding between England and France, long under a strain, is at the moment of crisis. The conference of premiers at London, where it was intended to draw up an agreement concerning the policies to be followed toward Germany, had to be adjourned to keep the two nations from an open rupture. Mr. Bonar Law, with whom M. Poincaré expected to have more agreeable relations than he had had with Mr. Lloyd George, dared not modify much the position that his predecessor had taken. British business wants a moratorium for Germany, and it wants France so far as may be to let the Germans alone; and what British business wants the government usually asks for, whoever is premier.

M. Poincaré seems to have gone to London in a conciliatory mood, and early reports had him offering considerable reductions in the reparations claimed by France if Great Britain would cancel the debt that France owes it. But it appears that public opinion in France—or at least in the Chamber of Deputies—is firmly set on occupying more German territory if the reparation payments do not come along according to promise. M. Poincaré perceived that he should lose his office if he failed to take high ground on that question, and so high ground he took. He met the British demand for a moratorium with a French demand for some or all of the Ruhr industrial district. Neither party to the discussion dared to yield to the other. Nothing except the adjournment prevented an open break.

The premiers will probably be in session again, this time in Paris, when the present number of *The Companion* reaches its readers. They hope that by that time the Lausanne conference, where France and Great Britain have found it possible to work in substantial agreement, will be over, and that one of the European embarrassments will have been settled for the time being;

but, although that will leave one less opportunity for dissension between France and Great Britain, it will not help the two premieries to see eye to eye so far as the German situation is concerned. On that point the outcome of the London meeting is discouraging. No amount of argument seems to shake the French determination to get material guaranties—the Ruhr Valley, for example—if France cannot get its reparation money; and no amount of argument seems to persuade the British that that would be anything but unwise, if not openly unfriendly to Great Britain.

The moment of decision cannot long be postponed. If France insists on occupying more German territory to offset the defaulted reparation payments, the understanding between the two countries will be virtually ended. There is not likely to be any open break, but each country will thenceforth go its own way and determine the successive steps of its foreign policy without deferring in any manner to the wishes or to the prejudices of its former political partner. It is unfortunate, but so it is.

To Our Readers

The Old Squire, Grandmother Ruth, Addison, Halstead, Ellen and Theodora are prime favorites with all our readers. Mr. Stephens will contribute four new stories of their adventures to early numbers of The Companion. They are The Fox Sneak, A Breach of Hospitality, The Old Squire's Tonic and A Silent Partner in Ferrets; and each is as full of the real country flavor as griddlecakes with maple syrup.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW!

As most of our subscriptions expire with the calendar year, this is the season for renewals. If you are not one of the thousands who have already renewed their subscriptions, look at the date on the address label of your Companion. If it is December or January, please write us at once if, as we hope, you wish to continue the paper. The Companion Home Calendar is sent to all renewing subscribers, and the special offers already mailed you are still open.

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CURRENT EVENTS

HOW thorough a job Mussolini and the Fascists did in northern Italy is shown by the recent municipal elections in Milan. In 1921 the Constitutional party cast 70,000 votes and the Communists 73,000. This year the Constitutionalists got 88,500 and the combined Socialist and Communist groups 65,000. The most significant thing about the election is the growth of the more moderate Socialist party, as against the Communists. The straight Communists cast only 3000 votes and the Maximalists only 17,000.

IT is due to Japan to call attention to the fact that it has restored to China the Shantung territory, according to the promise it made at Paris. A good many politicians and journalists were frankly skeptical of Japan's good faith. They did not believe that of their own free will the Japanese would ever retire from Shantung; but the Japanese have done it, and done it at a time, moreover, when China, divided against itself, was in no position to bring any pressure to bear upon them, and when the course of events in Asia Minor proved that the allied nations were unable to prevent a determined people from upsetting any of the

Paris agreements that were distasteful. By withdrawing both from Siberia and from China Japan shows that there has been a reaction against the openly imperialistic policy of a few years ago.

OUR American "observers" at Lausanne seemed to exert almost as much influence over the deliberations of the conference as they could have exerted if they had been members of it, with full responsibility. After the European delegates had weakly yielded to the firmly expressed determination of the Turks to deport all the Christian population of Constantinople and the coast of Asia Minor, Ambassador Child was able by his representations to modify the Turkish attitude and to persuade Ismet Pasha to recognize "in principle" the right of Greeks and other Christians to live and do business in Constantinople and Smyrna. How much that concession will amount to remains to be seen. It is pretty certain that the Turks would not be taking very long chances if they disregarded it. The European powers will not go to war in behalf of the Greek or the Armenian population in Asia Minor, and there is no evidence that public opinion in the United States would justify our government in doing it. The influence of the American observers is also to be seen in the gradual drawing apart of Turkey and Russia. M. Tchitcherin seemed at one time to be stiffening Ismet's backbone to the point of insisting that no warships be allowed to enter the straits; but when the United States threw its influence on the other side the Turks began to waver. There are reasons of the moment that tend to drive Russia and Turkey into alliance against the Western nations, but the Turks do not trust the Russians and in the long view fear them more than they fear any other nation.

THERE is depressing news of violence and reprisal from Ireland. Following the killing of Michael Collins came the execution of Erskine Childers. Then the partisans of De Valera retaliated by murdering Mr. Hales, a deputy of the Dail Eireann, and the Free State government countered by executing Liam Mellows and Rory O'Connor, two well-known Republican leaders who were in its hands. Next, the Republican partisans forced their way into a Dublin hospital, killed a Free State soldier in his bed, and set fire to the houses of some of the government officials. So the tale of a life for a life goes on. According to expectation, Ulster has "contracted itself out" of the Free State and intends to go its own way. Sir James Craig, the premier, is inclined to obstruct that provision of the Irish treaty which provides for a boundary commission to draw the frontier between Ulster and the Free State. He says that Ulster will not listen to the alienation of any part of the territory of the six northern counties, and he is afraid that a commission might hand over a part of Tyrone and Fermanagh to the Free State.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S message was really addressed to the country rather than to Congress, for he proposed policies and recommended legislation that this dying Congress is not likely to have time or inclination to deal with. Briefly, the President advised that the duties of the Railway Labor Board be transferred to a subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which should have full power to enforce its decisions; urged stricter registration and examination of immigrants before they leave the other side; asked for more liberal farm-credits legislation; recommended constitutional changes to make child labor everywhere illegal and to restrict the issuing of tax-exempt bonds; and announced that a conference of state governors would soon be held in Washington to plan for a more rigorous enforcement of the prohibitory law. The President also referred to international affairs in such a way as to give his hearers the impression that he would like to take the lead in another conference like that at Washington to forward peace and economic reconstruction in the world.

POLAND recently elected a new president, a man named Narutowicz. Just a week later he was assassinated while attending a picture exhibition in Warsaw. As the assassin was unbalanced mentally, the crime seems not to have been political, though the choice was not popular with the native Poles, who declared that it was brought about by Ukrainian and Ruthenian votes.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Runaways

BY ANNE MADISON

Old Mrs. Cat has children three
As soft and gray and furry
And puffy-jawed as they can be
And paddy-pawed and purry.

But while she took a brief cat nap
(To sleep, she knew, was risky)
They ran away, those kittens gay,
All fleet of foot and frisky.

Poor puss has sought them patiently
With tender calls, but, failing
To find the naughty truants three,
She lifts her voice in wailing.

Her little friends look near and far,
Before them and behind them.
And all the time those rascals are
So close! Pray, can't you find them?



DRAWN BY A. L. HAYNES

CHRISTMAS TOWN

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

THIS story is about a little town—hardly more than a village—that is not to be found on any map. The little town was much like a real town, and the people who lived along its narrow little lanes were much like the people who live in your own town.

One year as the middle of December drew nigh it began to look as if Christmas in that town were going to be very different from the usual Christmas. Many things had gone wrong.

There was the old Candleman, who had made candles of all kinds for many years. In the summer he had been very ill, and now he was so old and weak that he could hardly see the flame of even his largest and roundest candle.

Then there was the Sweetsman, who made different kinds of candy to sell at Christmas time for the children. He too was very old; he had begun to find it hard to bend over the candy kettle and stir the bubbling syrup.

And there was a Toyman in the town. He knew how to make lovely carved wooden toys. Wood had always been plentiful, for the town was near a large forest, but that autumn a fire had burned so many trees that the Toyman's trade had been seriously hurt. Moreover, for some reason he could no longer get the wires and wheels that he needed for the kind of toys that children seemed to like best. So the Toyman had grown poor and was sad.

And there was a Bakerman in the town, a very skillful baker, whose work had formerly been known far and wide. He knew how to make delicate, delicious pies and all kinds of rich cakes and puddings. But a good many of his wealthy customers from the neighboring cities had died or moved away, and his trade had suffered a great deal. He had almost given up trying.

Christmas drew nearer and nearer. The trees sparkled with icicles, and the little streets were full of snow. Everyone in the place was poor that year; it was almost more than the fathers and mothers could do to get food enough for their children. But the children were counting the days before Christmas, and every night they looked at the stockings that they expected to hang beside their fireplaces.

The blind old Candleman shook his head now and then. He was afraid that there would be little to make merry with that year. He could not bear to think of the children's disappointment.

"Let me see; let me see!" he mused. "I wonder if anything can be done about it." For a long time before he went to bed he sat in the dusk thinking deeply.

The children kept on looking at their stockings and the days kept on passing until at length it was only two days before Christmas Eve.

That afternoon the old Candleman got out his melting pot and his wicks and his last lump of wax. Feeling his way round the shop and working as fast as he could, he made a fire and melted the wax. Then he

divided it into even portions, and for every child in that little town he made a tiny, tiny Christmas candle. He shaped the candles beautifully and colored them scarlet. Then he lighted one to test it.

"I shall know by the heat," he said, "whether it is burning well."

Then a wonderful thing happened. As the old man held up the little candle in front of his face he could see, though very faintly, the lovely, golden flame, and it shone like a little unwinking star.

The Sweetsman was passing the window just at that moment and looked in, and when he saw the rows of little red candles he nodded his head.

"One small stick of candy would make a child happy," he said to himself as he hobbled away. "Well, well, I'll see what I can do."

An hour later there was the smell of hot sugar in his little kitchen, and he was twisting together long strips of red and white candy. Once he crossed the kitchen in such a hurry that he forgot his cane. That made him chuckle. "Why, I had almost forgotten I was lame," he said. Later when he looked

at the row of little red-and-white peppermint canes he chuckled again and danced a sort of jig.

"I believe red-and-white canes are more useful than a brown one," he said.

The little son of the Toyman came running in on an errand for his father. It was too late to hide the sugar canes, and so the Sweetsman told him all about them. The little boy's eyes shone as he went running home.

He and his father had a talk. At length his father said, "I have no wood in the shop except some plain white pine, but we'll see what we can do."

"I know what we can do," said the boy. "We can make little wooden dolls and little wooden boats for all the children in town."

They went to work at once; the father cut and whittled, and the little boy put on the paint. All that afternoon they whittled and painted and all the next day.

They whistled as they worked, each a different tune, but somehow the tunes seemed to blend. And at last there was a long row of dolls and a long row of boats on the shelf of the little shop.

The Toyman's son told the great secret to the Bakerman's little daughter, who was the boy's playmate. The little girl ran home with her cheeks very red and whispered something in her father's ear.

"Christmas pastries are made of rich materials," her father said sadly as he shook his head.

"Oh, not all of them!" the little girl cried. "Listen, father!" And she whispered again.

"Well, well," the Bakerman said. "Let's see what we can do."

Twenty minutes later he was mixing dough in a large bowl and ten minutes later the little girl was rolling out the dough. When they had finished, the kitchen table was covered with trays full of crisp brown cookies cut in the shape of Christmas trees and little Christmas bells and Santa Clauses.

Well, the next morning every single child had a toy, a handful of crisp cookies, a scarlet candle and a red-and-white candy cane! The old Candleman, the Sweetsman,

the Toyman and the Bakerman, the Toyman's little son and the Bakerman's daughter, almost sang for joy. So did the fathers and mothers; so did all the children, who found that they were just as happy with a little as with a great deal. And so it was a joyful Christmas in that little town.

DRAWN BY KATHERINE G. HEALY



"Go, chariot!" he cried. "Go like a bird!"

THE AUTOSHOBILE

By Mary Louise Wilmer

ONCE there were two little fairies, Wingo and Tippetty by name, who lived in a certain woods and were great friends. Wingo was older than Tippetty and much larger. He was so old and large that he could go as far away as Human Land all by himself, and Tippetty thought that was wonderful. And one day Wingo came back from one of his journeys with a great tale to tell.

"I saw one of the strange chariots that the human beings are riding in," he said. "My, my, Tippetty, you should have seen it!"

"What did it look like?" asked Tippetty enviously.

"Oh, it was a huge thing with bright lights on the front and it went as fast as a bird."

Tippetty blinked. "Was it big enough to hold me?" he asked.

Wingo shouted. "Ho, ho!" he cried. "Big enough to hold you! It was big enough to hold bushels of you!"

Tippetty's eyes were round. "I should like to ride in a big chariot with lights on the front," he said. After a while he added, "I should dearly love to go as fast as a bird."

About a week afterwards a little boy named Toby Quinn was walking through the woods with his shoes under his arm; he had taken them off because they hurt his feet. As he trudged along the side of a little slope he dropped one of the shoes without knowing it. The shoe rolled down the slope and lodged under a thick-leaved bush.

Toby did not miss it until he reached home after sundown and then it was too late to search for it; but early the next morning, which was Saturday, he ran back to the woods. It had rained in the night, and he was afraid the shoe would be spoiled.

For a long time he searched without finding the shoe and then, tired and warm, he stretched himself on the ground to rest. He had been there perhaps five minutes when all at once he heard a queer, squeaky little voice that seemed to come from a bush not far away.

Toby sat up and listened. By and by he made out some words.

"Hurrah!" the little voice was saying. "If this isn't a find!" Then the voice changed to a whistle, and then back again to a voice, which said, "Wingo saw the chariots, but I've found one, oho!"

Toby crept to the bush on his hands and knees and peeped through the leaves. To his astonishment he saw his lost shoe sitting very properly right side up, and not much the worse for having been out all night in the rain. But what astonished him most was the sight of a tiny boy—a fairy, he knew, by the delicate wings and pointed toes—who was gazing eagerly into the shoe.

"Te-hee!" the little fellow cried again. "Won't Wingo be astonished when I go rolling out to meet him in this fine chariot!"

With that he flew briskly into the shoe and took his seat. "Go, chariot!" he cried. "Go like a bird!"

When the shoe did not move the little creature seemed much puzzled. First he looked over the sides, then he bent forward and gazed earnestly into the toe. He climbed out and went round to the front. "The lights are all right," he said. Then, taking his seat again, he cried, "Go, chariot, go!"

Toby glanced at the front of his shoe, and saw that a ray of sunlight was shining

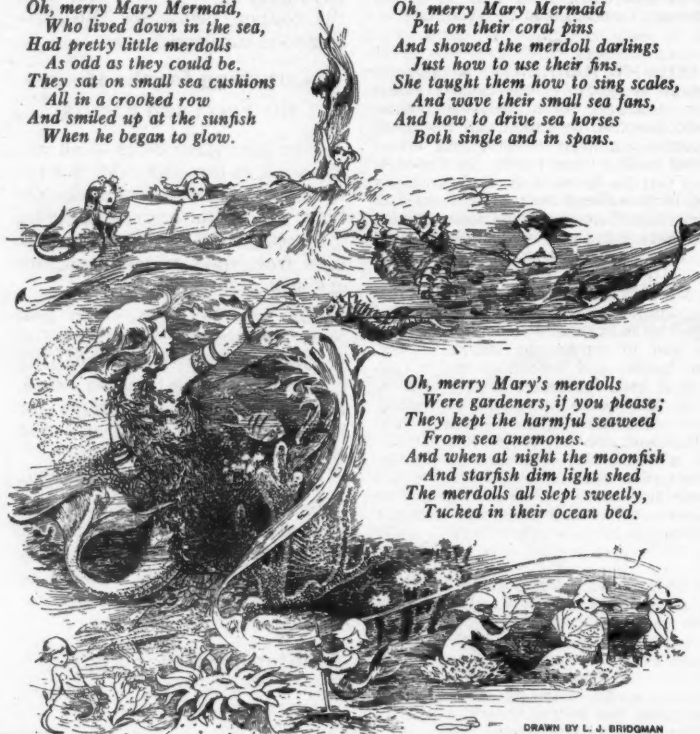
Merry Mary Mermaid

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

Oh, merry Mary Mermaid,
Who lived down in the sea,
Had pretty little merdolls
As odd as they could be.
They sat on small sea cushions
All in a crooked row
And smiled up at the sunfish
When he began to glow.

Oh, merry Mary Mermaid
Put on their coral pins
And showed the merdolls darlings
Just how to use their fins.
She taught them how to sing scales,
And wave their small sea fans,
And how to drive sea horses
Both single and in spans.

Oh, merry Mary's merdolls
Were gardeners, if you please;
They kept the harmful seaweed
From sea anemones.
And when at night the moonfish
And starfish dim light shed
The merdolls all slept sweetly,
Tucked in their ocean bed.



DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN



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directly on the brass eyelets of the shoe and making them look like little lamps; and he had to put his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud. "Why," he said, "the little fellow thinks it's an automobile!"

Just then something came fluttering through the other side of the bush.

"Hey, Wingo," called the fairy in the shoe. "I've found a chariot right here in the woods. Only," he added rather sadly, "I can't make it go."

Toby could not help feeling sorry for him. "Can't make it go, Tippetty?" said Wingo, and, running forward, he snatched one of the shoe strings and pulled on it with all his might. "Then I'll move it for you."

Tippetty did not hear what he said, and the tongue of the shoe was standing up so that it hid Wingo from his sight; so he thought that the shoe was moving by itself, and he was delighted.

"I'm riding! I'm riding!" he cried shrilly as the shoe slid along faster and faster. "Hooray, I'm going as fast as a bird!"

Toby did not stay any longer; he was afraid he should make some motion that would frighten the two happy little fairies. "I'll go away for a while," he thought.

When he came back an hour later there was nothing to be seen except the empty shoe, now lying on its side a yard or two away from the bush.

"I wonder if Tippetty still thinks it is an automobile?" he said to himself. "Anyway," he added as he tucked the shoe under his arm and turned toward home, "the little fellow had one good ride!"

THE BALL GAME

By Elizabeth Heath Olmstead

While the breakfast table waited for a man who never came

The syrup jug suggested that they have a baseball game.

The knives and forks applauded, saying, "Waiting's such a bore;

We'll play against the china, and the clock can keep the score.

We'll call the pancake batter from the kitchen for the fun—

He's such a splendid batter, and he's thin enough to run!"

The cream jug was a pitcher of reputation great:

He deftly put the butter ball right over the home plate.

The pancake batter made a hit and ran for second base,

But a spry young teaspoon got the ball and beat him in the race!

The batter acted quite upset, but he recovered soon

And said, "Oh, well, I'm used to being beaten by a spoon!"

The clock said "five to seven," and excitement mounted high,

But the game abruptly ended when the pitcher caught a fly.

HICKORY NUTTING

By Carrie Belle Boyden

IT was fairly raining hickory nuts out in the woods. Bob and Dick were up in an old tree shaking the branches. Below them they could see a pair of uncommonly bold squirrels working among the falling nuts. Every few minutes one of them would dash toward the foot of the tree, pick up a nut and dash away with it.

Bob clambered down to one of the lower branches and dropped lightly to the ground. "Come on, Dick," he called. "These squirrels are getting all the nuts as they fall."

For a time the squirrels held off while the

boys gathered the nuts and piled them in a heap. When the boys could find no more they sat down beside a big log to rest. It was so warm and still and sweet in the autumn sunshine that first one and then the other began to doze. Before long both of them were fast asleep with the old log for a pillow. Some time later Dick awoke with a start and sat up and looked round in a dazed way.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked drowsily. "I thought I heard something," Dick answered. Then he added, "Where's our pile of nuts, I'd like to know."

"Why, we left them under the tree," said Bob. "Where else could they be?"

But they were not under the tree, as the boys found out when they went there to look more carefully.

"We must have fallen asleep," Bob said soberly. "Do you suppose the squirrels lugged the nuts away?"

"They haven't had time," was Dick's reply. "Why, it hasn't been fifteen minutes."

The two boys looked sadly at the bare spot where they had left their treasure.

"Let's gather another pile," suggested Bob, "then hide behind the log and watch."

So the work began all over again. The boys climbed the tree again and shook down more nuts; then they hid carefully and waited.

For a little while nothing happened. They were about to give up when all at once they heard a rustling in the leaves. As they held their breath and waited a little girl came quietly round the trunk of the tree and, stooping above the pile, began to fill her pinafore with nuts. When she had an apronful she went away as quietly as she had come. The boys looked on in astonishment.

"Did you ever see anything so bold-faced!" Dick exclaimed.

"Sh! Let's see where she goes with them," Bob replied.

Stealing out from behind the log, they followed the child. She walked a little way up the road and then turned in at Granny Bradley's gate.

Granny Bradley was a little old lady who lived alone. Bob and Dick heard her call, "More nuts! Well, I declare, Lou, how fast you do pick them up!"

"They were in a pile all ready for me," the little girl called shrilly. "I believe the fairies must have put them there on purpose for us."

In the shadow of the trees the boys looked at each other.

Granny Bradley was laughing. "I should like to treat those fairies to some of the little nut cakes that we'll make from these nuts," was her answer. Then she peered toward the fence. "Why, there are Bob Saunders and Dick Blake!" she said. "Come in, boys, and meet little Louise Bradley."

The boys went forward a little bashfully. Granny shook hands with them. "This is my granddaughter from the city," she said. "She's never been nutting in her life, and so I let her go over to the hickory tree." The old lady looked at the boys keenly; her eyes twinkled behind her big spectacles. "I wonder if you are not the two fairies who piled those nuts up for her."

Little Lou burst out laughing. "Great, tall fairies in khaki clothes!" she said. "Why, grandmother!" Then she stopped laughing and looked quickly from one of the boys to the other. "Does she mean that? Did I really take your nuts?"

Before the boys could answer she held out her apron. "Do please take them back," she said. "I didn't understand."

Bob and Dick shook their heads vigorously. "No," Bob said. "Keep them. There are plenty more on the tree."

"We thought 'twas the squirrels that took them," Dick said.

"I am the squirrel," Lou answered and laughed again. "And you are the fairies."

"And I," said Granny Bradley, "am the cook who's going to make nut cakes for the fairies and the squirrel. Here, boys, get to work and crack those nuts while Lou and I beat up the sugar and eggs."

Colors

BY JOSEPHINE VAN
DOLZEN PEASE

Red is for apples
And ripe June cherries
And Christmas candles
And holly berries.

Orange is autumn
And harvest moons,
And bonfires flaming,
And summer moons.

Yellow's the look
Of the stars at night;
It hides in lilies
And gold and light.

Green is patterned
In graceful leaves,
In slender grasses
And mossy eaves.

Blue is for water
And April skies,
For the wings of bluebirds,
For laughing eyes.

Pink is in rosebuds
And in the dawn,
And faint on the hilltops
When day is gone.

Purple is twilight
And holy places,
And robes of princes
And pansy faces.

Colors, colors—
I love them so!
The world is forever
A big rainbow.

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THE EVERGREENS

By Adalena F. Dyer



*I love the faithful, changeless evergreens
That with their friendly branches furnish
screens*

*From winter's stinging air—
The pines and cedars whose soft arms enfold
And shelter from the winter's blasts and cold
The timid grouse and hare.*

*They are the hostages that summer leaves
To reassure the stricken world, which grieves
To see her footsteps go;
They pledge her sure return in wake of spring,
And that her vital touch again will bring
The rose in place of snow.*

*The oak in autumn sheds his robe of state,
The graceful birch stands bare and desolate,
The maple's flame is dead;
But fir and hemlock bravely face the blast,
Which from the beech his golden crown has
cast
And all his jewels shed.*

*But, sheltered by the evergreens' warm wings,
The little chickadee, untroubled, sings;
The pines a feast prepare
For busy crossbills and the kinglets small
That rob the cones among the branches tall
Of dainties hidden there.*

*Their gentle murmur holding hints of June
Is soft and soothing as the mother's tune
Who o'er the cradle leans;
Peace, harmony and trust their notes repeat;
There is no discord in their measures sweet;
God bless the evergreens.*

BEING A SON

"IT'S two years since I joined the church," the young man said, and his tone was dull and spiritless as if he were speaking something too remote to interest him. "I was in earnest then, and I've tried, but it seems of no use. I guess I don't belong in the church. You know how it is, Mr. Rutledge, when a man holds an office he isn't fit for. It's better to resign than to wait till he's kicked out."

"I hope it isn't so bad as that, Tom." The elderly face was kindly. "What you've said about yourself reminds me of an experience I had when I was sixteen or seventeen years old. My father owned a small farm, but he was a poor man, and if I was to go on with my schooling I had to earn something for myself. I shall never forget the humiliation of the first summer I tried to work out. I wasn't ashamed to work, but I was ashamed of being a flat failure wherever I went. I think I was discharged eight times that season for sheer incompetence. I had always been fond of books and had never taken a sympathetic interest in farm work, and strangers wouldn't put up with my slack, bungling way of doing things."

"Father was always kind and patient when I came home. He never scolded me for losing my place, but pointed out the reasons why I was not a good farmer; he blamed himself as much as he blamed me. It was because of his encouragement that I tried again and again, and when it seemed useless to try any more he proposed that we take land the next year and work together. I guess your father can get along with you all right, Robert, even if the neighbors don't think you're much of a hired man," he said in his homely way.

"I suppose I was poor help to the end of the chapter, but I was working for my father. His love overlooked the things I did amiss; he knew I was doing my poor best."

The old eyes were wonderfully tender and wistful as they met the younger eyes looking into them inquiringly. "Isn't it the same with our Heavenly Father, Tom? You didn't hire out to a hard master there two years ago, Tom. You just took your place in God's big family, where God wanted you to be, where He wants you to stay. Hired men are discharged every day for incompetency, but it's rare for a son to be kicked out. That's against the nature of things, because the son belongs in his father's house."

The young man's eyes had softened. His lips moved unsteadily before the words came. "I want to stay if—He—if He feels that way," he said brokenly.

IN THE BASEMENT

SHE was short and square and wore a plain shirt waist though everyone else was wearing flimsy blouses. She wore shoes that were as plain as the shirt waist, and it was evident that she knew little of hairdressing. She gave her name as Maggie Collins, and she looked it; that is, if Maggie Collinses always have clear brown eyes and wide pleasant mouths.

But Maggie's eyes were not what most of the girls at Barrister's department store looked at. "My stars!" Pearl Higgins cried the first day she saw her. "Will you look at that! We must be hard up if Mr. Frick has to get specimens from the antique shop! I hate to think of that shirt waist on exhibition even in the basement. It isn't good policy to hire a girl who looks like her."

Of course it was to the basement that Maggie

was sent; there she was to sell hosiery, silk seconds, at \$1.19. It was not interesting work, but she went about it as if she enjoyed it. And the girls downstairs liked her. So did the customers, most of whom were dragged-looking women who made mental calculations before buying. Some of them would stop at Maggie's counter a moment even if they did not want anything there.

Perhaps that was what kept her so busy that she never thought to keep track of her sales. At any rate she was startled when she was called to the office one day and the manager pointed out to her that only in the first week had she sold as much as she ought to sell.

"I—I never thought of counting up," Maggie acknowledged. She seemed a little frightened too, which was unusual for her. Then her clear eyes looked straight at the manager. "The department hasn't fallen below, has it?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "Something curious has happened. Miss Yocum has pulled up. We had about decided to dismiss her four weeks ago, but if she keeps on she'll get a promotion instead."

Maggie's face flushed with pleasure. "Oh, I knew she could!" she cried.

The manager glanced keenly at her. "Ever turn over any customers to her?" he asked.

"Why, yes," Maggie replied. "It didn't make any difference, did it, who did the selling? You see, she needed a little help, that was all."

The manager nodded. "I've heard," he said, "that you encourage customers to buy cheaper grades when they are hesitating between two."

Maggie looked suddenly determined. "I have sometimes when I felt they couldn't afford the higher-price things. That's what stores are for, isn't it, to help people in every way they can?"

The manager smiled. "Yes, Miss Collins; at least, that is what our store is for, although few people seem to understand it as well as you do. That is why I have the pleasure of telling you that your pay envelope will show a substantial increase this week—with our compliments."

"Well, what do you know about that!" Pearl Higgins cried when the news had got round.

THE MIND OF THE SNAIL

RECENT experiments have proved that even the lowly snail can learn. After a hundred trials or so, writes Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, who describes the experiments in English Country Life, the snails that were being tested would open and close their mouths whenever their mouths and feet were touched respectively with a piece of lettuce and a glass rod.

Forty-eight hours after the snails had learned that lesson, the experimenters tried pressing the snails' feet with the glass rod. The cleverest snail moved its mouth as if to find the lettuce and kept it up for seven times, but in the end would not respond at all; it had had enough of experimentation. But the point is that the snail began to associate the idea of food with a pressure on its foot; the case is much like that of the dog whose mouth will water at the sound of the whistle that summons him to his meals. What the snail did was not much, but it proves that snails can learn.

Experiments have proved also that the common garden snail can find its way home over difficult country from a distance of six yards. Of one snail that habitually spent the day in a hole in a garden wall perhaps four feet from the ground it is recorded that for months it utilized as a ladder a piece of wood that stood sloping from a bed of herbs to a place near the hole. The limpet—that snail of the sea—makes little journeys from its particular resting spot in search of the seaweeds on which it feeds, and after it has fed returns to it again. Experiments show that, if it is removed to a part of the rock six feet away from its home, it loses its way and cannot return. If, however, it is removed only a foot or two, it reaches home safely. Its memory has a narrow range.

"THE GAMEST DOG"

IN front of a rough cabin out in Wyoming there is a sodded, well-kept little grave with a headboard that carries this legend:

BEAR PAW MIKE

THE GAMEST DOG THAT EVER LIVED

What a splendid tribute to poor old Mike, a man's dog with the heart of a lion! It was his master, a guide named Jake, that composed the epitaph, and we don't doubt that he wrote it with tears in his eyes, for, says Mr. Edward Ferguson in Outing, the dog gave his life to save his master from an infuriated grizzly.

Jake and the dog had traversed perhaps half the cut in Boxwood Cañon one bitterly cold day when a male grizzly ambled round in front of them. On one side of the trail the wall of the cañon rose two hundred feet; on the other side of the trail was a sheer drop of five hundred feet. The bear was less than thirty feet away. Stopping short, he looked at the man and the dog and growled ominously.

Jake lifted his gun and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. He attempted to throw another cartridge into the chamber, but the mechanism refused to work. Then he knew; the action was frozen!

The bear hesitated only an instant before he charged, but in that brief time Mike jumped to meet him and tore open his cheek; then in a flash he slipped round him and made a vicious slash at his flanks. The bear turned, but as he did so Mike scrambled between him and the cliff and again attacked his flanks. Once more the bear

turned, and once more Mike dodged him, barely escaping. The bear was now between the man and the dog.

Jake, who had finally freed the mechanism of his rifle, stepped forward to be sure of his shot, slipped and fell heavily to one knee. The fall knocked the rifle from his hands, and he saw it disappear over the edge of the trail. For a moment he could hardly breathe. Then he scrambled to his feet. "Get him, Mike, get him!" he yelled.

At the sound of his voice the bear, which now was infuriated, turned to attack him. But Mike shot by him and took his stand in front of his master. Then the grizzly reared and started for both of them.

"Mike!" Jake shouted.

The dog hunched himself and sprang; his paws landed on the bear's chest, and his mouth closed over the creature's lower jaw. The impact threw the grizzly off his balance, and with his paws closed in a crushing grip round the dog's body he toppled over on his side.

Jake closed his eyes. Dog and bear rolled over twice; but with all his fast-ebbing strength the dying dog tried to tighten his grip. The second lunging roll brought them to the edge of the trail; the snow crumpled under their weight, and dog and bear, still locked in their death grips, crashed to the rocks below. Mike had saved his master's life.

MR. PEASLEE VISITS THE CITY

FIRST and last," Caleb Peaslee said judicially, "I s'pose I've found a good deal of fault with this town and the folks in it; mebbe, Hyne, I've been too given to carpin'. Mebbe I have."

Deacon Hyne was unmistakably gratified. "I've labored to p'int that very thing out to you more'n a hundred times, Kellup," he declared. "I'm glad if my labors seem to be showin' signs of fruitin' at last; I truly am!"

Caleb smiled tolerantly. "You hadn't a thing to do with it, Hyne," he said affably but firmly. "All you've ever said ain't veered me more'n a southwest breeze; further'n that, many's the one of your faults I've passed by without openin' my mouth about 'em. That ain't to say I shan't mention 'em, if you thorn me too far!"

The deacon stared at his friend in injured astonishment.

"What's changed my mind in spots," Caleb explained, "is the trip I've been on these past three weeks; I've been visitin' my nephew in the city. I d'know whether you ever feel the same way as I do, Hyne, but by spells I have feels come over me when it does seem's if the same old things, day after day and week in and week out, would send me distracted—same cows bellerin' and hogs gruntin' and hosses whickerin' and in the nights the same frogs croakin' and whippoorwills cryin'. It always seemed to me somehow that the whippoorwills was the wust of the lot; I could stand the rest, seem's if, but them was the last twitch that drove me crazy."

"Then there's always the same bothers comin' round like the seasons. In cherry time I've got to fight away the robins or be contented to go without cherries, and I like a cherry puddin' with cream on it. And when fall pears begin to drop, them youngsters of Bracy's are wuss'n any robins and harder to scare too. So as I'm tellin' you, there comes a time when it's more'n I can stand any longer, and I have to go away somewhere and get a respite."

"This year I figgered I'd go to the city and visit my nephew a month or two; I ain't scurcely seen him since he grew up, though his wife and the boy come here every summer. But Ed's too busy gettin' money to take time to come down here, so he jest sends his family, and nice folks they are too."

"They've always urged me to come visit 'em and stay a couple of months; so about a month ago I started to git ready and go. I judged two months would jest about ca'm me down so's I could stand the farm another year; and I was glad to go to the city on 'count of it bein' so diff'rent; I knew I wouldn't likely see a cow for the whole two months and not many hosses—and as for frogs and whippoorwills, I figgered I'd be shet of both of 'em wholly."

"And I was, Hyne," Mr. Peaslee said feelingly. He turned an earnest face toward the deacon. "But I'd rather," he added, "hear a cow beller all night than to have to listen to the rumble of one of them electric cars goin' past; and they went all night long and every night!"

PUTTING IT UP TO THE BARBER



"How would you like your hair, sir?"

"Like that fellow's over there!"

—George Dixon in London Opinion.

And fightin' off the robins and the Bracy boys didn't pester me one-tenth part as much as goin' downtown alone did; there wa'n't a minute when I wa'n't in hazard of my life 'long of them motor cars. Seems to me I'd no more set foot off'n the sidewalk to cross a street when there'd be a blast right in my ear; only sprightly jumpin' saved me more'n twenty times."

"My nephew lives in what they call a quiet neighborhood, but my sakes! Never quiet till long past ten o'clock; and I figger on gettin' my best sleep right after eight in the evenin'—and always did and always will. But more'n one night I've been kept awake in his house by noises of music in the houses each side of him till well past 'leven at night—'leven o'clock, mind ye! But I kept tellin' myself I was gittin' a welcome change from what I was used to and remindin' myself I hadn't heard a cow nor a whippoorwill sence I got there; but all the time something was borin' into me and makin' me discontented. I didn't know what it was till one day I went downtown alone to buy a few things I needed."

"I'd got my tradin' done and had an armful of bundles; they wanted to send 'em, but I ain't been used to that, and it ain't any trouble for me to carry what I can afford to pay for. Well, I'd got started back to my nephew's; havin' so many bundles kind of hobbled me in movin' spry, so I was watchin' my chance to slip 'cross the street 'twixt the autos—and they kept comin' in a stream, not ten foot between 'em. I stood there for mebbe ten minutes, holdin' them bundles and bein' shoved by folks passin'; and then a p'liceman come up to me and told me I'd have to move along and not stand there so long."

"I p'inted out to him I was full's willin' to go as he was to have me, if I could see a chance to do it 'thout losin' a limb; but that didn't make any diff'rence to him; he jest told me I'd have to move and then went off a piece and watched me."

"One spell, Hyne," Caleb admitted, "I didn't know but I'd have to walk clean round the city to get to where I could reach the house! But when I saw the p'liceman startin' my way again I took my courage by the forelock and dived into that stream, and in some way I gained the fur side without bein' run over. And when I sot foot on the curb again I knew what'd been naggin' me for two weeks and better. I wanted to git home! I wanted to be where it wa'n't against the law to stand still long enough to safeguard your life and where I wouldn't hear a pianer at midnight again ever! I was willin' even to hear whippoorwills, for the wust of 'em don't jar the house as one of them electric cars does; and all the cows in Dilmouth can't beller like a horn on an auto. So in the mornin' I packed, spite of their coaxin' me to stay the two months out; and I got back home in jest three weeks to a day after I left it."

Mr. Peaslee cocked his head and listened like a sparrow. "Hear that cow beller?" he demanded buoyantly. "I kept her tied up this mornin', and she's lonesome. I s'pose I ought to be 'shamed to keep her here, feelin' as she does, but don't she sound homy?"

THE FALSE INVADER

THE false bumblebee, *Psithyrus*, the genus *Psithyrus*, is the most terrible enemy that the common bumblebee has to face. There are no workers in the family of *Psithyrus laboriosus*, which is the worst branch of the genus, but only queens and drones.

A queen of the species watches a colony of true bumblebees, and just as Mrs. Bombus Americanus has her first hatch of workers reared the invader goes in. The false bee cunningly refrains from asserting her powers until the true bumblebees have enough workers reared to care for her and her alien brood; then she prepares to deposit her eggs in the cells of the real queen. Noticing now for the first time that she has an active rival, Mrs. Bombus Americanus attacks the alien queen; but nature has given the intruder the assurance of victory; she has armed her with a longer and more curved sting than that of the true queen, and moreover she has incased her body in a covering that the sting of the true queen cannot pierce effectively. The true queen invariably is slain.

For a few days the alien must protect her eggs from the attacks of the true bumblebee workers, who at first resent her queenship; but in time they accept her and care for the false brood as well as for the true brood, which their own dead queen has left. If the alien waits too long before invading the nest she meets a full force of workers, who at once attack her and kill her, though many of them are sure to perish in the battle.

Watching our honeybees one day, writes a correspondent, we witnessed a pitched battle between a large false bumblebee and our own Italian workers. We noticed that something was wrong inside the hive; the glad hum of the honey bearers had changed in a second to the high-pitched whine that denotes anger. In a twinkling the alighting board was lined with Italian workers. From the interior of the hive the sounds of combat came stridently. Suddenly a ball of bees as large as a walnut appeared in the entrance. It was a huge queen of the species *Psithyrus laboriosus*, incased in Italian bees that had caught her invading their brood nest. The alien queen had assaulted the central comb in the brood chamber!

The invader, which was as large as a dozen Italian bees combined, shook herself loose and scattered dead Italians all round her, for her heavy mandibles no less than her sting had been doing deadly work. She raised herself on strong wings and at once sped back through the defenders into the hive. The interior fairly boiled with anger now; in a moment the attacker reappeared,

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covered with fighting, dying bees. Again she shook herself clear; again she plunged inside.

No less than ten times did she attack the hive, and no less than ten times did the little bees eject her. She fought with less strength each time after the fifth, but still she persisted. The alighting board was well sprinkled with dead Italians.

Finally the alien was cast forth, incased in enough bees to fill your cupped hand. The Italians tore loose from her; some died as they did so; some, wounded though they were, took their places in the line of defenders at the mouth of the hive. The enemy started once more for the hive, faltered and then labored heavily away, defeated and in full flight, sent to oblivion by several zipping Italian warriors that pursued her out of sight.

No sooner had she gone than the Italians began to carry out their dead and set their sentinels in order. Within two minutes the steady, peaceful hum told of labor resumed and of peace restored.

WHO SNORED?

AS the congregation streamed from the church door pelting sleet and a howling gale made conversation difficult, nevertheless Mrs. Beebe panted to Mrs. Binns: "Almira, whoever was it that snored?"

"I don't know for certain," responded Mrs. Binns. "For all it was so penetrating, I never knew a snore so hard to place. But as far as I could make out it came from the Truesdale pew; there's a pillar between, and I couldn't be sure; but it sounded over that way."

"Not at all, not at all, Almira," Mrs. Odlin corrected her condescendingly. "It seemed so to you no doubt because the sound struck that pillar and reverberated; but it really originated in precisely the opposite direction. It emanated, I am convinced, from the very front of the church, to the extreme right."

"But you must be wrong, Lucretia," protested Mrs. Beebe, "because that would be the Gaines pew; all the others in the right-hand corner were empty because of the storm; and Deacon Gaines never would. And, besides, if he did, Elizabeth would have pinched him awake after the first snore; she'd never have let him keep it right up through the whole sermon."

"Indeed she wouldn't," agreed Mrs. Binns. "Though for that matter whoever snored like that, you'd have thought somebody would have stopped him—if his own folks weren't with him, then whoever was nearest. It was the most awful snore I ever heard—so loud and dismal and long-drawn-out, starting off with a rasp and ending in a moan! How any human nose could make such sounds and keep them up, most as regular as a minute gun at sea!"

"The human will, exerting its utmost power," observed Mrs. Odlin, "can achieve the apparently impossible through many mediums, and why not through the human nose?"

"Good gracious, Lucretia," said Mrs. Binns, "anybody'd think the poor man had snored on purpose!"

"And is that contingency impossible, Almira?" queried Mrs. Odlin darkly. "Think. Reflect. Use your intelligence. Surely you must remember that Deacon Gaines and Mr. Haddicome have differed on several occasions, and that they have shown some heat—"

Mrs. Binns laughed. "Of course they have! They love an argument, both of them. But if you mean the deacon would try to snore down his pastor because they didn't agree on some minor points of theology—oh, nonsense, Lucretia, nonsense!"

"You may say nonsense, Almira, but that does not prove nonsense," affirmed Mrs. Odlin majestically. "If my conjecture is to be dismissed as nonsense, then who snored? That was no ordinary snore!"

"I should say it wasn't," assented Mrs. Peters laughingly as she joined the group. "Don't you really know what it was? Though I too thought it was somebody snoring till Alonzo told me. After that last gale when they found the belfry had sagged sideways a little, you know, the committee had it braced and bolted to strengthen it; and this is the first high wind since then to set it swaying again. Alonzo guessed right away the noise must be the new bolt pulling and groaning—O dear, yes, it's perfectly safe! And Alonzo says if they oil it he guesses in time it'll quiet down."

Mrs. Beebe and Mrs. Binns turned mirthful eyes upon each other and then upon Mrs. Odlin; but she did not meet their gaze. She was deeply absorbed in tying a whipping blue veil more closely over a distinctly flushed face.

A LOST PERSONALITY

THE son of the late Prof. Francis J. Child of Harvard University writes us a pleasant little story that recalls to memory the dreamy absent-mindedness of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, who was also for many years a member of the Harvard faculty. He says:

The Cambridge post office had notified my father of the arrival of some important foreign mail that had come in too late for delivery on Saturday night. So I had been dispatched to the post office Sunday morning before Sunday school with two large rope bags to bring it home. There were four lines of professors, students and others at the post office—A to D at the left, then E to K, then L to P and then Q to Z. I was in the first line. President Eliot in the second, and the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody in the third.

Dr. Peabody reached his window some time before the president, who was in the rear and a little ahead of me.

"Please give me my mail," said Dr. Peabody. "What is your name, sir?" asked the clerk, who was new at that window.

"My name?" repeated Dr. Peabody. "I am sure I don't know. I have forgotten all about it."

"Well, old party," said the clerk, "if you're such a fool as not to know your own name you'd better get out of the line; we've no time to waste on idiots."

And meekly the dear old man moved out and down to the foot of the line, saying, "Well, now, what is my name?"

As he was passing President Eliot the president said, "Good morning, Dr. Peabody."

"Thank you; thank you, Mr. President," was the fervent reply. Then as a student stepped out of line and, doffing his hat, said, "Take my place, sir," the professor replied, "Oh, thank you; thank you, young man." And then "Dr. Peabody, Dr. Peabody, Dr. Peabody, Dr. Peabody, Dr. Peabody," the dear old man repeated over till he was again at the window, when he said, "Please give me Dr. Peabody's mail."

"Oh," was the curt reply, "so you've been told your name have you? Well, you'd better have some one at home write it down for you before you come here again, old party."

But Dr. Peabody simply said, "Thank you, sir," and went out. I am glad to say that President Eliot spoke to the superintendent and that that "fresh" young clerk was reprimanded.

"THERE IS NO WORSE TEA"

WHEN Mary Antin was a little girl in Russia she was sent by her mother who kept a shop to deliver a package of tea to a customer. It was her first important errand—so we learn from her autobiography, which the Atlantic Monthly prints—and, like most children in such circumstances, she was filled with a sense of her dignity and importance. As it proved she was more dignified than diplomatic.

It was, she writes, a good-sized expedition for me to make alone, and I was not a little pleased with myself when I delivered my package of tea safe and intact into the hands of my customer.

But the customer was not pleased at all. She sniffed and sniffed; she pinched the tea; she shook it all out on a table. "Na, take it back," she said in disgust; "this is not the tea I always buy. It's a poorer quality."

I knew that the woman was mistaken. So I spoke up manfully. "Oh, no," I said; "this is the tea my mother always sends you. There is no worse tea."

Nothing in my life ever hurt me more than the woman's answer to my argument. She laughed; she simply laughed. But even before she had controlled herself sufficiently to talk I understood that I had spoken like a fool and had lost for my mother a customer.

A PAIR OF GLOVES

ONE keen, biting winter morning half a dozen grizzled, stoop-shouldered old men were cleaning off the snow and ice from the sidewalk of an Eastern city. They were warmly clad, and all wore thick gloves or mittens except one; he was trying to work barehanded.

While he was alternately swinging his pick and stopping to blow on his fingers a tall, broad-shouldered man came walking along the pavement. He wore a fur coat and a pair of beautiful heavy gloves. When he came opposite the old man, who was resting a moment from his work, he suddenly snatched off his gloves, thrust them vigorously into the hand of the laborer and with the tenderest and merriest of smiles went right on, without ever turning round, and was lost in the crowd.

The old man straightened and stood staring after him in utter bewilderment. Then, shaking his gray head over and over as if he were unable to explain the generosity of the stranger, he slowly drew on the comforting gloves and continued his hard work.

POPULAR? WELL, NO

IT is said that during the early part of his long parliamentary career Sir William Harcourt was extremely unpopular with his colleagues. Sir David Hunter-Blair tells the story of three members of Parliament who once resolved to invite to dinner the person whom they disliked most in the world.

Covers were laid for six, but only one guest arrived, and that was—Sir William Vernon Harcourt. All three men had invited him.



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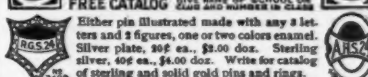
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GUNSHOT WOUNDS

IN military surgery the term "gunshot wounds" embraces wounds made by projectiles from shotguns, pistols, rifles, bombs, torpedoes, shells, hand grenades and so forth, and also wounds inflicted by stones, pieces of mortar or brick, sand, splinters of wood and indeed anything sent flying by an explosion of any kind. In civil life, however, the term includes only wounds from shot or bullets discharged from weapons.

Gunshot wounds differ from wounds made by a cutting instrument in that a bullet causes more or less bruising of the tissues; consequently healing is slower, and the liability to suppuration, gangrene and tetanus is greater. Moreover, the bullet often carries into the body bits of cloth or fragments of articles in the pockets, such as knives, coins, papers or cigarettes.

When the bullet passes through the body or through an arm or a leg the two surface wounds differ; that of entrance is smaller and smoother than that of exit; and if the weapon was discharged at close range, say from a foot to eighteen inches, the edges of the entrance wound may show powder stains and burns. The wound of exit is usually ragged and has bruised, projecting edges; and sometimes is torn by pieces of bone that the projectile has pushed ahead of it.

The first-aid treatment of gunshot wounds consists first of all in stopping the hemorrhage, if it is profuse, either by pressing on the main artery that leads to the part or by pressing on the wound itself. If the wound is in a leg or an arm, a thick cord, a towel or a handkerchief can be tied round the limb above the spot and then tightened by inserting a stick under the loop and twisting it. The wound itself should be washed; all loose particles of dirt should be removed, and the part should be covered with clean wet cloths. Never use cobwebs or dirty cloths to stop the bleeding, for they might inoculate the wound with the germs of lockjaw. If the bone of a leg or of an arm has been broken, the limb can be splinted with a strip of bark, a cane or an umbrella bound firmly to it. That will keep the injured limb in place while the patient is being carried to his home.

THE FRECKLED PRINCESS

"BUT don't you remember I told you to be ready at four," Editha said sharply.

"I know; Becky gave me the message. But, you see, she didn't know that I had a previous engagement. I can't go a minute before half past, so you'd better not wait for me."

"It will make us so late starting," Editha complained. "Why couldn't you put off your old engagement? What is it anyway?"

"It is an engagement with a princess," Sally replied. "She is the Freckled Princess; we meet her every Friday at four."

"You don't mean," Editha exclaimed incredulously, "that you'd give up a ride just to tell fairy stories to a crowd of youngsters?"

"Exactly. Here comes Molly Lou this minute. Look at her eyes and see if anybody could have the heart to disappoint her."

Editha looked; what she saw was a thin, homely, freckled little girl whose face seemed to be radiating eagerness. Editha did not think her at all interesting.

Sally flashed her companion a glance that was half amused, half pleading. "I do wish you'd go!" she said. "You'll be bored stiff."

"I suppose I shall," Editha retorted, "but I'm not going. So bring on your princess."

It was not easy to bring on the princess in front of Editha, but, since there was nothing else to do, Sally made no protests. Five other little girls were dancing down the walk; they gathered close round her on the steps.

It appeared that the Freckled Princess, as Sally told the story, was a very homely little princess indeed, and that she had moped and sulked and made everybody about her unhappy until finally her fairy godmother appeared and took her in hand. The fairy godmother gave her a magic glass in which she could see things as they are, and one day the Freckled Princess saw a most beautiful little girl in it. Unable to turn away, she looked and looked, until finally the fairy godmother said, "Put down your glass," and as she was putting down her glass she saw that the little girl had freckles and red hair! And then the fairy godmother told her to look

again, and, looking, she saw that the little girl was very busy making something shining and beautiful—it was the light from what she was making that made her so beautiful.

"Oh, what was she making?" Molly Lou gasped.

"Happiness," Sally replied softly. "She was so busy making people happy that the light shone through her little freckled face—"

"Oh!" Molly Lou breathed.

An hour later on the ride Editha asked, "Why do you give so much time to children?"

"I suppose," Sally replied slowly, "because helping little girls to be happy seems to me the biggest thing that I can do, Editha."



GULLING THE DUCKS

THAT was a strange relation indeed which Mr. H. J. Massingham, the British naturalist, noticed between a flock of tufted ducks and a smaller flock of sea gulls. In his recent book, *Some Birds of the Countryside*, he describes what he saw and incidentally illustrates well the meaning of the verb "to gull."

One day, he writes, I saw ninety-six tufted ducks attended by some thirty gulls. As soon as a duck went down into the water for food a gull placed itself near by. When the duck reappeared on the surface the gull—or sometimes a pair of them—left the water and, hovering a yard or two above the bird's back, swooped gently upon it. Down went the duck again and dropped its food on the surface; whereupon the gull—or gulls—half submerged to recover it. The purpose of the manoeuvre of course was to fluster the innocent duck, and nine times out of ten it succeeded.

The same thing occurred day after day. The food of the duck was neither weed nor fish on the occasions when I watched them, but, so far as I could guess, water snails, limpets and other fresh-water mollusks.



ON HIS KNEES TO WASHINGTON

BACK in the fifties, writes a contributor, there came into Michigan a man by the name of Hugh Mulholland. He was an old man at the time and had been living in Pennsylvania. Before he died, which was only a few years afterwards, I remember hearing him tell this story of George Washington:

Mulholland's father had come from Germany and had served as a soldier in the American Revolution. He was an expert shoemaker, having learned the trade in his native land. Several years after the war Washington engaged him to make a pair of shoes. When the shoes were finished Mulholland delivered them in person and, true to his German training, fell to his knees on entering the presence of the great man.

Washington laid a hand on his shoulder and exclaimed vehemently: "Young man, rise to your feet and look me in the eye; then I will take the shoes! No one kneels to another man in this country!"

Mulholland rose and handed the shoes to Washington, who then paid the bill. Never again did the young American revert to the German custom of kneeling.



WAS THIS A JOKE?

ONE day last summer, writes a correspondent, I happened to notice a mother robin act in a peculiar and interesting manner toward her grown young one. The big, fat speckle-breasted baby was following her round and pleading to be fed, though he was surely big enough to hunt his own dinner—a fact that his mother evidently realized, for she was exceedingly busy gathering sticks and grass for another nursery and apparently paying no attention to his cries.

But Bobbie was hungry, and he kept right at her heels. Suddenly she hopped up to him as if to feed him, and he opened his mouth expectantly; but what did she do but cram it full of dead grass! Then she flew away and left him, the most dumfounded little bird you ever saw.

What else could her act have been except a practical joke? Maybe, however, it was more than a joke; it may have been her way of suggesting to him that it was time he was fending for himself.



"I DON'T SINK SO"

A LITTLE New York girl eight years old accompanied her mother to a studio exhibit where many rather languid ladies and gentlemen were viewing a poorly painted and rather questionable picture, about which they were making polite but insincere remarks. Into the middle of the studio to a place in front of the special canvas little Laura strode; after a moment's look at the picture she turned round and in a high-pitched voice cried out:

"Zat's a very bootiful sing, but I don't sink so!"



NOT GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH

FREDDIE came out of the candy shop with a big lollipop proudly displayed in his fist.

"What ye got?" asked his friend Ernest.

"An all-day sucker," replied Freddie.

"Aw, what's the use? It's five o'clock now!"

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NUTS TO CRACK

1. RIDDLES

Sometimes bad and sometimes good,
Sometimes dark and sometimes fair,
I'm found in every part of earth;
I'm never missing anywhere.

I'm uncontrolled: no man or beast
Can make or mar me in the least.

I change man's clothes, I change his plans;
I change, oh, many things of man's;
And I myself, familiar, strange—
From year to year I change, change, change.

I have a top, but I'm not a box;
Legs I have, but I cannot walk;
Food I have, but I never eat;
I hear much speech, but I never talk.
I'm round, I'm square, I'm little, I'm big;
Leaves I have, but I'm not a tree;
Books I hold, but I never read—
What do you make of me?

An artist had one that was colored most fair;
A lady had one that she put on her hair;
A bootblack had one, and he used it for hire;
A farmer set his very quickly on fire;
A housemaid with hers cleaned a pantry one day,
And the red fox with his fled away and away.
What is it?

2. ZIGZAG PUZZLE

1 - - 2
3 - - 4
5 - - 6
7 - - 8
9 - - 10
11 - - 12
13 - - 14

The figure represents thirteen words. When seven of the words have been correctly guessed and placed one below the other, the figure can be read as follows: 1-2, a plant; 3-4, an implement; 5-6, a conflagration; 7-8, spoil; 9-10, a guide; 11-12, united; 13-14, an ancient country; 1-8, a place of defense; 8-13, melody; 1-8-13, great wealth; 14-7, a term in notation; 7-2, a wild animal; 14-7-2, a great number.

3. A ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY

After the annual meeting of a certain zoölogical society, it was found to everyone's amusement that, by transposing the letters, the name of every man in the society could be made the name of some animal. Following are the names of the members: Dr. A. D. Morey, P. H. Gore, T. E. Phelan, T. M. Kraus, W. R. Saul, C. P. Carey, R. F. Tree, A. D. Berg, E. Wales, A. E. Griff, R. L. Squire, O. A. Millard, I. A. Groll, D. O. Pearl, I. R. Tabb, C. O. Acorn, A. E. Pelton, A. W. Tomb, E. V. Baer, E. E. Hatch. Can you find the animals that their names represent?

4. ENIGMA

We are found on large bodies of water—oceans, bays and rivers. A few wild animals have us, and a certain kind of water creature. All human beings have us. In times of peace men are content with very few of us, but in times of war they need many more. In times of peace men cannot spare us, yet as soon as war ends they lay us down.

What are we?

5. CHARADE

My first, a man has in his hat,
A woman seldom, though;
My second's bad upon the ears
And brings much pain and woe.
My whole your great-grandmother had,
And counted much upon it;
It meant as much to her, in fact,
As did her Sunday bonnet!

6. WORD PUZZLE

In each of the following sentences use one word, transposing its letters as required, to fill the blanks and complete the sense. Each sentence takes a different word. In each blank the nature of the word is indicated in parenthesis.

The (plural noun) of the good ship (proper noun) used all their (plural noun) to rid the cabin of (plural noun).

The haughty (noun) soon (verb) her way across the (noun).

An inordinate love of (noun) makes even kind men (adjective) and is indeed a moral (noun).

He will (verb) a cry the first (noun) he sees that little (noun) of an (noun) on the bill.

A good gardener (verb) an (noun) as a flower; when he finds (plural noun) around it he (verb) them up.

One of us will sew, one stick (plural noun), one (verb) with the scissors, and one make little (plural noun) with the tweezers.

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Physicians who have studied the care of the skin say that simple cleanliness is the one most important aid to the health and beauty of your complexion.

And they dwell upon the importance of using pure, gentle soap, which is nothing *but* soap—that is, without extraneous or mysterious additions.

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When you buy Ivory, you are asked to buy only *pure soap*. Ivory helps to beautify, because it *cleans safely*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



“My dear Alicia,” says Mr. Jollyco in a very gentlemanly dudgeon, “why has this comic opera soap replaced the Ivory in my bathroom?” (We always know Mr. Jollyco is angry when he says “my bathroom” and is so frighteningly polite.)

“I think, Henry,” replies his wife without a flinch, “that that soap belongs to your daughter Sally, who has lately gone in for colored ‘beauty soap.’ The Ivory is just behind you.”

Some day Mr. Jollyco is going to speak sternly to Sally about dyes in colored soap. But today he will feel so good after his latherly Ivory bath that he will forget it.

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{4}{100}$ % PURE IT FLOATS



And here, dear reader, is Dr. Verity, whose motto is: “Keeping well is better than getting well.” A most lovable old gentleman, indeed, but very severe and frowny when dealing with persons like Mrs. Folderol, to whose home he is now hurrying.



Here we see Mrs. Folderol—at home. What! The Mrs. Folderol of Vanity Square? The very same! With her poor little rich baby that cries so much. Why does he cry? Listen as Mrs. F. talks with Mrs. Jollyco.

“Why, I can’t see how the *soap* could hurt him—it’s so expensive and pretty and smells heavenly!”

“But, my dear, his skin *shows* it. He’s *chafed*! Haven’t you any Ivory?” No, Mrs. F. has no Ivory, but she *will* have after Dr. Verity arrives.

